

The TATLER

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London, April 27, 1932

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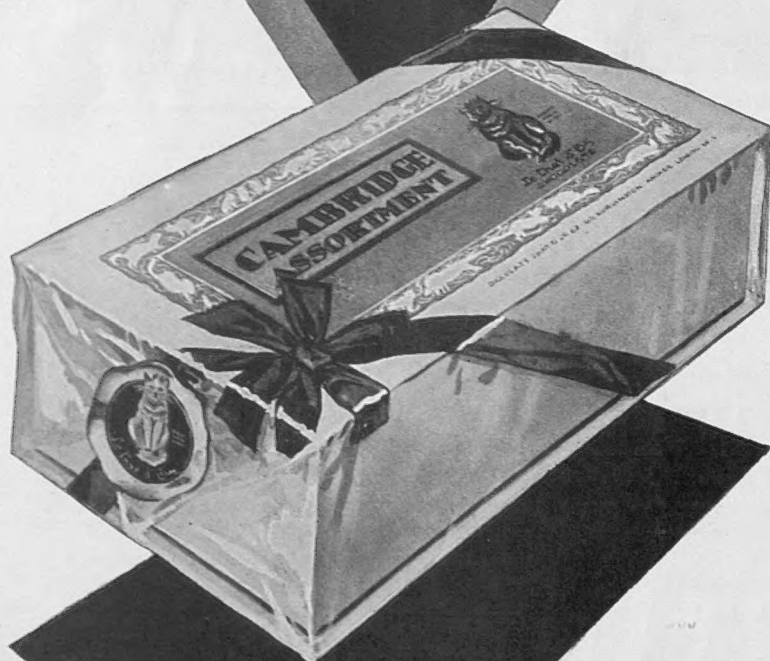
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Price One Shilling



MISS TILLY LOSCH (THE NUN) AND MR. GLEN BYAM SHAW (THE PRINCE)
IN "THE MIRACLE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Sasha, Suffolk Street

There has been so much discussion and criticism—learned and otherwise—of this most recent revival of Herr Karl Vollmoeller's great story at the Lyceum Theatre in London that it must leave most people bereft. There would appear to be only one matter upon which everyone is agreed, and it is this—that it is a masterpiece of the producer's art, and superbly mimed by every actor and actress who appears in it. Miss Tilly Losch's performance as the Nun has stultified all those critics who told us when the play was cast that it was quite beyond the compass of her talent. The reverse has proved to be the truth



DONNA DIANA CHIARAMONTE BORDONARO, WIFE OF H.E. THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR

H.E. Don Antonio Chiaramonte Bordonaro is Hon. President of the Italian Benevolent Society in London, and Her Excellency was chairman of the recent ball in aid which was given at the Savoy. The Patroness of the Society is H.M. the Queen of Italy. The ball was a real success and on the committee were a large number of people prominent in London Society

THE LETTERS OF EVE



AT PUNCHESTOWN RACES: LORD DUNRAVEN AND MRS. PONSONBY

A snapshot at Ireland's most famous jump course, four miles, the day the Conyngham Cup was run and won by Lady Helen McCalmont's Southern Hero. Lady Helen is the wife of the Master of the Kilkenny Hounds, Major Dermot McCalmont. Lord Dunraven succeeded to the title on the death of his cousin, the famous yachting Earl, in 1926

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.
MY DEAR,—At last we are beginning to see signs of "that certain liveliness" which means that London and things in general are beginning to wake up and realize that the season is upon us. And that in spite of the arctic weather with which summer time was ushered in, our disappointed hopes over the Budget, and this ridiculous delay in the arrival of Spring. It is really absurd to see bare trees at the end of April. No wonder the birds look so injured and surprised!

* * *
The presence of the King and Queen accounted for the Abbey being very crowded for Miss Marion Glyn's wedding to Lord Hyde, but the staff work of the ushers was so efficient that everybody was fitted in comfort and we all got a perfect view of the Queen's rose-beige marocain ensemble and the bride's wonderful lace veil and

unusual bouquet, which consisted of long sprays of tiny gold and cream orchids. Three clergymen married them, and the bridegroom produced four Christian names to the bride's three, so it was all done on a very lavish scale! Everyone likes them both so much and their respective families turned up in large numbers.

One side of the church was entirely filled and decorated with Wards of every age and size, the smallest and youngest of them being Lord Ednam's little son, who made a charming kilted page. Lady Morvyth Benson's dark-haired Sally was one of the most attractive bridesmaids, the two grown-up members of the bride's retinue being her sister, Miss Esmée Glyn, and the bridegroom's sister, Lady Joan Villiers. Lady Clarendon must have missed Lord Clarendon, who couldn't get back for the wedding, though he is being sent a film of it, but she was gallantly supported



FISHING THE LAGGAN WATER (SPEY): COLONEL W. SELBY-LOWNDES, CAPTAIN PAGET, AND COLONEL HARRIS

All reports received recently say that fishing on the Spey has rarely been better—and the days of the drought are for the moment only a bad memory. Colonel Selby-Lowndes of Whaddon Hall, Bucks, is the famous ex-Master of the Whaddon Chase Hounds

by her youngest son, Nick, whose immense scarlet button-hole gave him a very dashing appearance. And Lord Hyde's cousin, Mr. John Somers Cocks, played the organ. He is only twenty-one, and it must have been rather a shock when he was told the day before that he had to keep going for three-quarters of an hour instead of the quarter that he had expected and practised for.

The Duchess of Portland, in black velvet and ermine, was an outstanding figure among the guests. So was Mrs. Ronald Cumming, whose glorious burnished auburn hair was entirely framed in grey. She and her husband have spent the last year at Pitt House, and are now settled in a new house in Kensington. Others among the vast crowd included Miss Wissie Astor, in an enchanting brown and yellow chiffon, very like the one that Countess Paul Munster was wearing, Lady Cuckoo Rous and her mother, Lady Stradbroke, and Lady Mary Herbert, who was all in green.

Arctic weather, this wedding on Monday, the Budget on Tuesday, and the rain on Wednesday caused a certain number of absentees at Epsom's Spring Meeting. One of the warmest moments I experienced was in the parking ground where a trifle of bumping and boring on the part of a lady driver scraped the paint of a brand new car belonging to a gentleman whose lung power was only exceeded by the lurid variety of his vocabulary. But neither cold, nor wind, nor rain, nor strong language can spoil my enthusiasm for Epsom, which always remains my favourite course even when I don't find nine winners and the tote double, as I had the luck to do last week. It's so comfortable, and it's surely the best of all courses for seeing well.

That usually so well filled box labelled "Wives only of Members of the Jockey Club" suggested, on Monday, that most of those members had taken vows of celibacy, for it only contained Lady Bullough, Mrs. Edward Lascelles, and Mrs. Washington Singer.

This has been a terribly anxious year for Mrs. Singer, and her husband will not be at Newmarket to see Orwell run for the Two



MRS. JAMES HENNESSY AND HER CHILDREN, MARIE LOUISE AND DAVID JAMES GEORGE

Mrs. Hennessy was, before her marriage, Miss Angela Duggan, and is a daughter of Mr. Julian Duggan, an attaché at the Argentine Embassy in London. Mr. Hennessy is the son of Sir George Hennessy, Bart., O.B.E., M.P., of Grayshott Hall, and 32, Belgrave Place. David James George was recently christened at Brompton Oratory

at the meeting besides Bassenthwaite, the winner of the Nonsuch, for she supervised the saddling of every one of them.

Visits to the paddock were not very frequent, for we were all inclined to stay in the comfort and shelter of the boxes. So it was not easy to see everybody. However, I did run across the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Rachel Howard, very seriously engaged in trying to find winners, Lady Godfrey Faussett and her son, David, Major Metcalfe and his lovely wife, and Lord Blandford.

The Film Society gave us a very good and varied programme, including the German production, *The Murder of Karamazov*, to entertain us on the previous wet Sunday afternoon. All the usual enthusiasts were there in their infinite variety, and among them Lady Juliet Duff. Lady Juliet is tall and dark and wonderfully good-looking, and has passed on her beauty to her son, Sir Michael Duff Assheton Smith who was, I hear, asked to take the part of the Knight in *The Miracle* either by Herr Kommer or by Max Reinhardt himself.

Like her mother, the late Lady Ripon, Lady Juliet loves to entertain gifted and artistic people of all ages, and her huge house in Belgrave Square is ideal for that. At the moment she has lent her library, during the daytime, to two young writers. One is Lord Birkenhead, who is busy on a biography of his father. The other is a well-known young man in the throes of his first novel. I hear, by the way, that Evelyn (or is it Alec) Waugh, is more than half way through another book.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MR. AND MRS. A. L. P. F. WALLACE

The bride at this pretty wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields last Wednesday was Miss Lois Wishart Thomson of Cold Ashby Hall, near Rugby, the only child of the late Sir James and Lady Wishart Thomson, and she was given away by her uncle, Mr. William Thomson. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Falconer Wallace of Candanraig, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire. The Goodyear decorations in the church were very beautiful indeed

Thousand to-day, as he has had to have another operation, and is now in a London nursing home. We all hope he will be well enough to see the Derby.

On my way to the paddock I passed Admiral Beatty beating up against the north-east wind, Mrs. Percy Thellusson, close-hauled in a beautiful mink coat, and Colonel and Lady Sybil Grant, who own the Durdans and the Durdans box. And one of the busiest persons in the paddock itself was Miss Dorothy Paget, who had several runners

at the meeting besides Bassenthwaite, the winner of the Nonsuch, for she supervised the saddling of every one of them.

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(Continued overleaf)

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AT THE CITY AND SUBURBAN: LORD DERBY, LADY STANLEY, AND LADY DE TRAFFORD

City day at Epsom was distinctly spotty and the going very much on the heavy side. All the favourites went down in the big race, and in other events also outsiders brought the money home. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's 100 to 7 chance, Heyday, ran up in the Betchworth seller. Lady Stanley, who is Lord Derby's daughter-in-law, is one of Lady de Trafford's sisters

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

Talking of Evelyn Waugh, the first night of *Vile Bodies* was lots of fun. All the erstwhile bright young people came along to see their stage prototypes. Lady Cunard brought Prince George, and the author's own party consisted of Lady Eleanor Smith, Lady Ravensdale, Mr. Raymond de Trafford, and Lady Lavery, who looked even more romantic than usual. Lady Castlerosse was another very decorative member of the audience. On the whole the play dated. The Bright Young Things have so definitely ceased to be Bright. However, all the ex-members of that happy band seemed to enjoy seeing themselves on the stage, although the rest of the audience were not quite so sure what it was all about.

Many of the B.Y.P. decorate the walls of Captain Peter North's studios, where he is holding his annual and amusing exhibition of Photographic Portraits. This year he elected to take his sitters after the manner of various famous painters, using nothing but tricks of pose and lighting. None of his subjects dressed for the part, but in each portrait he conveys a definite impression of the style of the painter represented. I thought Lady Lathom as a Holbein particularly effective, and was much intrigued by the four photographs taken on one plate, of lovely Lady Milbanke as a Nun. Quite a new angle on a very attractive personality.

Mrs. Drury Lowe makes a perfect Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Malcolm Sargent a charming Florentine page, and Mrs. James Beck simply is Madame Récamier. Her likeness to the famous portrait is positively uncanny. Mr. Beverley Nicholls evidently tried hard to look as rugged and stern as Whistler's "Thomas Carlyle," and Lady Pamela Smith, a modern St. Cecilia, playing upon the keys of a type-writer, is quite enchanting.

Captain North had his private view on Tuesday, the same day as the Budget, Lady Hadfield's musical party, and the first night of *Napoleon* at the New Theatre. Lady Hadfield had arranged her party so that we could hear Miklos Schwalb, the young Rumanian pianist, and we were all very much impressed with him. And we included well-known musical enthusiasts like Lady Bridges—whom I found as alert and amusing as ever, Miss Olga Lynn, Lady Mount Temple—dressed in her favourite scarlet, and Lady Ravensdale, who is looking very well after her trip to America.

Mrs. Walter Rubens was also there. She always had a lovely voice and she sings better than ever, I hear, since she studied abroad. But she so seldom lets us hear her. Perhaps that's her natural reaction to the self advertisement of the age. After the music was over the party was turned into a dance and our hostess regaled us with supper of lobster, hot dogs, and American chicken salad which, however deadly it may sound, was quite delicious.

Several people came on from the New Theatre after seeing the historical episode, with its cast of seventy, of which Mussolini is part author. It's a tremendous effort, this production, so it was scarcely surprising that Robert Atkins, who produced it and played Napoleon, too, should have been so obviously tired on the first night. We were all rather tired ourselves when the three and a half hours were over, though not too tired to

feel thrilled by Arthur Wontner's performance as Fouché. I take the spelling from the programme. Among the many Italians in the audience were the Italian Ambassador and Donna Diana, who looked very beautiful in a pale blue dress. And other celebrities I noticed were Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, the German Ambassador, and Miss Auriol Lee, one of our cleverest stage producers.

The engagement of Colonel Pilcher of the Grenadier Guards and Miss Diana Lawrence, which was the chief topic of conversation at the last Hawthorn Hill meeting, is now publicly out. Miss Lawrence is the daughter of Captain Gwynne Lawrence, and her brother Tony was in the Harrow XI for three years and captained it in his last year. She is twenty-two and very pretty and intelligent, with large blue eyes and fair hair. Colonel Pilcher is some years older, and his varied travels and experiences include a whole year spent in Russia. They are to be married at the Guards' Chapel on June 30 and will spend a year at Aldershot before they go to Cairo for three years.

Another bride-to-be, Miss Joan Pearson, whose wedding to Mr. Anthony Acton is also fixed for June, will have her plans very much affected by the death of her grandmother, Anne Lady Cowdray, who had gone over with her to Paris to buy her trousseau. I believe that Lady Cowdray never felt well in Paris. She was at her best in New York and up at Dunecht, where she will be missed even more than here in London.

Among her many interests was an immense joy in arranging houses which were all on a gigantic scale except the one tiny one she built and arranged for the Queen. This is in the Forest of Birse, on Deeside. When the Cowdrays first bought the property Lady Cowdray discovered that the

drive through the forest was a favourite one of the Queen's and that she often liked to picnic there. So she built the house and furnished it very secretly and then handed the key to the Queen, who was quite delighted.

Clifford Chambers, the lovely, picturesque Warwickshire village of which Mrs. Graham Rees-Mogg, Lord Dulverton's sister, is lady of the manor, has just been enlivened by the presence of Miss Peggy Wood and her husband, Mr. Weaver, who spent a week-end with Sir Anthony Weldon's aunt, Miss Murielle Weldon. They were taken to see the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which was opened on Saturday by the Prince of Wales and the more venerable beauties of Broadway. Both Mr. and Mrs. Weaver are very attracted by antiquities, and I'm told they found the Cotswolds fascinating.

Clifford Chambers itself has historical associations, for one of Shakespeare's relations was born there—in a quite enchanting black and white cottage which is now used as the vicarage. The Elizabethan manor house was burnt down some years ago, but it was beautifully restored with the original bricks by Sir Edwin Lutyens.—Yours ever, EVE.

The annual ball in aid of the Friends of the Poor is being held at 37, Grosvenor Square, W. (kindly lent by Viscount Clifden), on May 3. The ball is being organized by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and tickets, which cost £2 2s. each, may be obtained from the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1.



AT THE ITALIAN BALL AT THE SAVOY

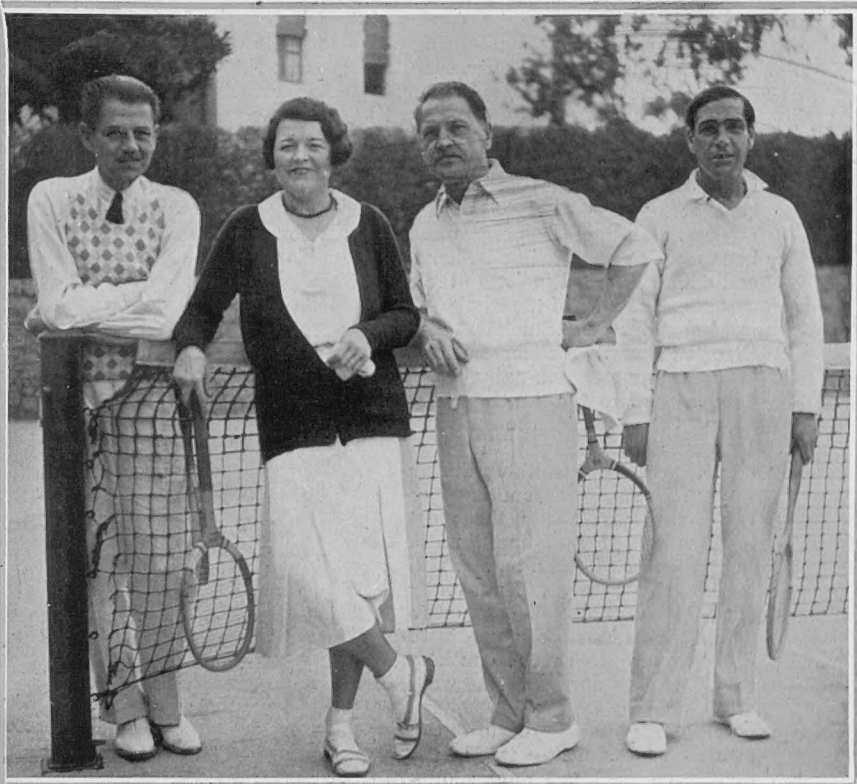
H.E. the Italian Ambassador, Lady Howard of Penrith, Donna Diana Chiaramonte-Bordonaro, wife of the Italian Ambassador, Mr. Henry Mollison, just back after his record flight to the Cape, and Kathleen Lady Drogheda. H.E. the Donna Chiaramonte-Bordonaro was Chairman of the Ball Committee, and Lady Howard of Penrith, Vice-Chairman. The Italian Benevolent Society was founded in 1861

AT SOME PLACES IN THE SUN



AT HOLLYWOOD: MISS MARLENE DIETRICH AND MR. CECIL BEATON

Frozen and rained upon as we are in these windy British Isles, the pictures in this page no doubt will make some of us a bit envious like. Marlene Dietrich is on view daily in London in that fine film, "Shanghai Express," but she and Mr. Beaton were in the California sun when the picture was taken. All the rest come from the Riviera. Lady Leon, who is with Mr. Somerset Maugham and others at his Cap Ferrat courts, is the wife of Sir George Leon. Prince Wilhelm of Sweden is the father of Prince Lennart, who married Miss Karin Nissvandt recently. Mr. George Gould is a brother of the famous Mr. Jay Gould. Gabrielle Chanel, whose villa at Roquebrune is very beautiful, needs no introduction



AT CAP FERRAT: MR. HAXTON, LADY LEON, MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, AND LEOVALD THE "PRO"



AT NICE: MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GOULD



AT EZE: PRINCE WILHELM OF SWEDEN



AT CAP MARTIN: Mlle. GABRIELLE CHANEL, THE BARONESS DE REUTER (at back), AND "GIGOT"

The Cinema : How Not to Do It

By JAMES AGATE

THERE was a great gathering of the tribes at the first night of what I take to be on the whole the very worst big picture I have ever seen, the Sterling Film Company's screen enlargement of Mr. St. John Ervine's *The First Mrs. Fraser*. At the same time I hasten to congratulate the film company on the virtuosity which it must have needed to turn one of the best plays of modern times into very nearly the worst picture of all time. The usher who showed me to my seat at the Prince Edward Theatre presented me with the largest and ugliest programme I have ever handled, ugly because it was got up in a scheme of that colour which the French call *caca d'oie*. I insist on the size of the programme because it strikes the note of the whole production, the note of monstrous exaggeration. Mr. Sinclair Hill, who directs, appears to think that you can make a cartoon fit to cover the wall of a town-hall by enlarging a thumb-nail sketch, and I respect the intelligence of my readers too much to do more than state the fallacy. Incidentally the noise with which our ears were assaulted during the preliminary assemblage of the guests was easily the most hideous that I had heard until, in the course of the film, Mr. Hill let loose his cabaret. I am really staggered that film-directors who spend thousands of pounds to delight our eyes should continue to offend our ears with the woom and bark of machines which have magnified even jazz-music out of all resemblance to itself, the enlarged tone that results sounding like nothing on earth except, maybe, a goods-yard at Derby. Mr. Ervine's play was a neat, domestic and, above all, little affair about people living in, say Regent's Park or the Cromwell Road. The plot had its improbabilities, or rather one improbability which was of comparative unimportance when the whole thing was kept small, but which we are bound to question when the play is put up to its present size. Let me deal with this improbability first, at the same time assuring Mr. Ervine, if these lines should happen to catch his eye, that in his play as performed in the theatre it seemed to me to be of no importance whatever. The point is Fraser's objection to divorcing his second wife. His first wife divorced him, and he pleads that he cannot divorce his second wife because it would be bad for his business. The whole play is built upon this, and one accepts the casual improbability in the theatre because a play has to be got going somehow. But the thing which is shouted through a megaphone ceases to be casual, and we have to examine it. One understands, of course, that a shop-assistant at Emporiums, Ltd. may be dismissed if he is divorced because Emporiums, Ltd. have the power to dismiss him. But I submit that this is a part of economic and not moral law. Let us suppose that the case was the other way about, and that it was Sylvanus Emporium, Esq., managing director of Emporiums, Ltd., who had been divorced. Why, in such a case, and if the world were ruled by moral logic, should not the assistant call for the resignation of his managing director for misconduct? The answer is that he cannot, because he has not the economic power. To come down to the particular case, why should Fraser fear not the scandal of being divorced a second time, he being again the guilty party, but the scandal of petitioning, which is no scandal? At the worst it is "not good for business," though we do not see why Fraser should bother about this since in the course of the play he proposes to

go for a world tour, and afterwards retire to the country, and anyhow in the film owns a town house the contents of which if sold even in the Caledonian Market would provide him with a life-income exceeding that of the Lord Chancellor.

This brings me to this film's preposterous setting, whereby the Frasers are made to inhabit a palace which even Hollywood would consider dandy. The programme tells me that "the value of the furnishings on one set alone is estimated at £10,000. A marble fireplace came from one of the most famous mansions in England; it cost £2,000, and weighs 3½ tons. Beautiful and rare tapestry adorns the walls; and famous art-collectors were persuaded to loan highly treasured bric-à-brac for this scene." My reply to this is that if the setting at the Haymarket Theatre cost as much as one-tenth of that mantelpiece I should be very much surprised, with the further contention that if this film's lavish expenditure on settings is justified,

the play which they swamp cannot have been worth while! There is mention in Mr. Ervine's comedy of a night club, necessitated by the fact that the second Mrs. Fraser's lover is engaged there. Mr. Ervine does not show us the club, and we do not want to see it. But Mr. Hill makes it the principal thing in his film. To accomplish this hundreds of girls have been engaged wearing gowns costing 150 guineas apiece and who take part in a modernistic ballet featuring Lady Godiva, Queen Bess, Cleopatra, Nell Gwynn, etc., etc. Mr. Hill may say that the film-public insists upon the expensive riot and the transformation of Mrs. Fraser's window-boxes into the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Agreed. But if so, why not do the whole thing to key and engage for the first Mrs. Fraser a Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, or some boobish good-looker instead of Miss Dorothy Dix, who is a legitimate actress endowed with that genuine talent which does not photograph. Miss Joan Barry as the second Mrs. Fraser succeeds completely just because she behaves as nobody outside Hollywood or Hanwell ever has behaved. Mr. Ainley is good too, because instead of presenting a business man he duplicates the Book of Tobit's Archangel.

The film has other major faults which are these. The lighting is often shocking. There are only five shots amounting to thirty-five seconds worth looking at pictorially; these include two views of the Thames Embankment, a fishing-scene, a motor-car, and two motor-lorries. Probabilities are flouted, since the lovers, arriving at a country hotel *after a ball*, find the entire village drinking in defiance of the licensing laws, and though the hotel is substantial must order their accommodation in the tap-room. Worst of all, the entire cast is camera-conscious, and obviously preoccupied with slowing down the technique of the stage to that of the film. I understand that £80,000 has been spent on this picture, most of it I daresay swallowed up in the cabaret scenes which are more nerve-wracking than Piccadilly Circus on Boat Race Night, and, as aforesaid, have nothing to do with the play. It is by such useless expenditure as this that the film industry is rushing headlong to ruin. £8,000 plus artistic sensibility would have made of Mr. Ervine's charming little play a charming little film. In the meantime Mr. Ervine's play and Mr. Ervine's wit and above all, Miss Marie Tempest's art, have vanished, so that the whole thing is like the Lord Mayor's coach with nobody in it. In my view this film will lose a great deal of money and gain no kudos for anybody.



MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN AS MRS. ABBEY
IN "LILY CHRISTINE"

Which is being shown for the first time on the 28th at the Plaza at a midnight performance at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. Prince George most probably will be present. This new Paramount film is founded on Michael Arlen's novel. Mrs. Abbey is the lady in the story, who ensnares the affections of Lily Christine's (Corinne Griffith) husband, and it is a good acting part just suited to Miss Margaret Bannerman's great talents

"SHOT" TO PLEASE YOU



TAKEN AT THEIR FACE VALUE: SYLVIA SIDNEY, CHESTER MORRIS, AND JOHN WRAY IN "THE MIRACLE MAN" TALKIE



CAROLE LOMBARD



FRANCES DEE

An effective close-up of three Paramount personalities as they appear in the talkie version of "The Miracle Man," which had such a success as a silent film. Norman McLeod directs it, and John Wray plays the part which made Lon Chaney famous

Also numbered among Paramount's bright lights are Frances Dee and Carole Lombard. The former features in "Working Girls," and the latter's latest screen appearance in London was in "No One Man," shown recently at the Plaza. Miss Lombard is Mrs. William Powell in private life. Her husband has starred in many important American pictures, and plays disarming villains with consummate ease



MR. JIMMY DE ROTHSCHILD

An impression of a famous personality known to everyone who goes racing. Mr. Jimmy de Rothschild has nothing engaged in either this year's Derby or Oaks, but he has a colt named Tabasco in the Leger. His Anthurium won the City and Suburban last year.

Her legs and fell. Money spoke volumes for what was thought off her chance, but she was ever a short runner, and I can't believe that even if she had kept her legs uncrossed she would have had much success. The winner is rather a leggy, lopped-up bay by Hurry On, but he has great speed, and stays. Dastur has made the most improvement of any three-year-old yet seen. From the narrow, leggy two-year-old, all stomach and legs, he has grown entirely downwards into a short-legged powerful horse, and whatever his luck in the classics he will win many good races.

Wyvern is not a taking colour, and has not fared down from his two-year-old days, but though I don't altogether like him he is undoubtedly very useful. If Miracle is much better than he then Lord Rosebery has one of the classics in his pocket with ordinary luck. Clustine was seen out over five furlongs, and appeared to be staying on to beat Donigan, which is good form. Loomingdale won on a tight rein as he was entitled to do. He can probably be made fitter, but so can many of the others. To sum up the Guineas one is bound to give Orwell pride of place. Good friend as he has been to me I can't put Rolling Rock quite in the picture, and the same applies to Wyvern and Loomingdale. I am convinced that Miracle was a street in front of Wyvern last year, and a colt of his size (he stands 17 hands) should have made improvement. The galloping course should suit him, and if fit and fancied I make him, if not the winner, certainly the danger to Orwell with Clustine to fill the other place. The Buckingham horses can't show all that improvement on last week's performances, and I leave them out. Diamond, who ran well against the colts, should win the One Thousand. Derby on Friday and Saturday was rather cold and unamusing, except for the victory of Signifier, whistled home by Mr. Boydie Davis. It is doubtful if he could have gone any faster with a pack of wolves behind him, but we're all entitled to our theories.

Racing Ragout : "GUARD-RAIL" By

THERE are many who hold it to be criminal insanity to go racing before the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, and I'm not at all sure they aren't right if the Craven Meeting is held in one of those knife-edged winds which sweep across the flat, and make racing unbearable. If the weather is good the lack of a crowd makes this meeting very pleasant, and as regards the three-year-olds with classic pretensions, it is most instructive. The Free Handicap was the *pièce de résistance*, and from the acceptances and the finish was as good a piece of work as Mr. Dawkins has ever done. The field was started in the middle of the course so that the luck of the draw didn't make so much difference, but it was a good performance on the part of Rolling Rock to shoulder top weight in sticky going and win on the far side of the course, and a tribute to Victor Gilpin's training and judgment in buying. To my way of thinking the horse wouldn't have done any more, but I find many who don't share my opinion. Dastur and Wyvern were said to have been severely hampered by the fall of Adia Dent, who crossed

On the Saturday I attended a point-to-point and saw my first ladies' race, which for sheer cold courage would make McConk-indale look like a selling-platter. Imagine a score of gently nurtured girls, many of whom had never ridden astride before, on horses who had never run before, sailing down at a fence nearly all out of control and no two going in the same direction. The mind boggles at the thought, and yet I am given to understand that they take no stimulants and put up this gladiatorial display entirely on a dab of lipstick and an extra layer of powder to last the trip.

Epsom, being laid out entirely for the comfort of Man, can be very pleasant in fine weather, but there are few more pestilential places when it is bad and the cold draught round one's hind legs in the lunch room would callous a fixed tendon quicker than an ice bag. Cold showers and gusty winds were our portion for the most part and it was a pleasure to get back to the warmth and comfort of Nash's club at the end of the day, where I was told that in one of the stronger gusts a fair race-goer in front of the Prince's stand had lost not only her hat but a portion of hair as well. This apparently was worn semi-detached in the manner of the new sweeping eyelashes which in some cases are worn so sweeping as, like Harry Tate's moustache, to interfere with articulation and to render the assimilation of Petite Mammite an impossibility.

The racing, as usual, at Epsom did not reach a very high standard, and the only classic horse on show, Jewel, was a great disappointment both on performance and as an individual. I would eat my hat, even the most indigestible of "gent's black cokes," if he was in the first three in any classic. Betting at this, one of the homes of high betting, was negligible, even pathetic. It is not so many years ago, shall we say in the days of March Along, that a man with a large cigar took seven monkeys to four all along the rails without much comment. The cigar is as large as ever, but now the monkeys scatter like a shrapnel with the news, "The Colonel has took seven dollars to four 'off of Isay,'" and the market drops to evens. At this price the representative of one of our very largest firms wouldn't lay me more than a fiver, though to his credit, he it said, he produced a large Corona as a sop. "I sell them those," remarked a member, "At least no money changes hands. I ring up and back a horse and they ring up and order cigars—and it comes out about level." The "City," like every other handicap in this season of continuously altering "going," was won by an unconsidered outsider from a field in which many were fancied. The "deep" was

responsible for the downfall of many, including Unlikely, who is a brilliant six furlong animal and is really running beyond his distance. Light o' Love's daisy-cutting action was useless in the bog in which the race was run, and Link Boy, well as he ran, couldn't give away the weight under the conditions. Nothing of any importance in the two-year-old line was produced, the best being the northern-trained Marigouldie from the Disarmament stable who, having won in a quagmire at New-castle, was well betted on.



PUNCEBURY: THE EARL OF ROSSE AND LADY ALINGTON

At the Coneyham Cup Meeting at this famous Irish course last week, Lord Rosse succeeded to the title in 1913, when his father, who was in the Irish Guards, died of his wounds. Lady Alington was Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper and is Lord Shaftesbury's daughter.

TOWN AND COUNTRY



LADY AMY BIDDULPH AND HER BROTHER, LORD SOMERTON, ALSO ATTENDED THE HYDE-GLYN WEDDING AT THE ABBEY

Knight
GUESTS AT LAST WEEK'S BIG WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL PORTMAN, LADY ANNE HUNLOKE, THE HON. PHYLLIS ASTOR, AND LADY DURHAM

The presence of the King and Queen at the wedding of His Majesty's godson, Lord Hyde, to the Hon. Marion Glyn, caused enormous public interest to be taken in this event. Above are a few of the hundreds of guests invited to attend the ceremony in Westminster Abbey and the subsequent reception held by Lady Wolverton in St. James's Place. Mr. Michael Portman is a cousin of Lord Portman. His wife was formerly Miss Madeline Charles. As Joint Master of the Grove Hounds Lord Titchfield (see below) was, naturally, present at the Grove Point-to-Point races held at Bolham. Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck will be a débutante of 1934. Her sister, Lady Peggy, is fourteen



AT THE GROVE POINT-TO-POINT: LORD AND LADY TITCHFIELD AND THEIR DAUGHTERS



Frank O'Brien

A PROUD MOMENT

Mrs. Campbell, the wife of Captain Alastair Campbell, as pleased as punch after killing a twelve-pound salmon at Ballyhooly on the Blackwater. This famous Irish river has maintained its reputation for fine sport this season

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Everfresh Story of the Brontës.

I THINK that I have read almost every book written around the life of the Brontës, but I could read as many more and yet bring to the new ones all the old interest, the old amiability, the old pity and admiration. Apart from Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," the lives of the sisters was so much more moving, more dramatic, sadder, and yet lovelier than any story which they ever wrote. It is a life story which has in it all those elements of real tragedy with contrast, which is far, far more terrible than the loftiest abstractions, the most dramatic emotion. It touches us more completely, since the tragedy of the Brontës is in many respects a rebellion of the tragedy in most people's lives—the misconceptions due to shyness, the loneliness, the struggle, the greater happiness, the better fortune—which cannot be told. And so I read Mr. H. E. Benson's new book, "Charlotte Brontë" (Hogwarts, Green, 12s. 6d.) as eagerly as if I had never read anything about the Brontës before. And, having finished it, I believe that it is among the best books on the Brontës which I have ever read. For one thing, it approaches each member of the family with no preconceived picture of the Haworth tradition in mind, a picture for which every discovered fact must fit in into its preconceived place, or be discarded. It proves that the Brontë household was not so grim, nor so miserable after all. Every other book has shown us a Charlotte Brontë whose modesty, whose lovable, maturing nature made up a figure enclosed, metaphorically speaking, in an atmosphere of almost angelic gray. And Emily Brontë—storm-tossed, a misunderstood, lonely genius if ever one existed. Anne, of an almost intense greyness than Charlotte. Branwell, the rejected, the rejected, a hopeless, miserable fellow. Mr. Brontë, a tyrant, morose, unsympathetic, whose nature played a great part in the tragic story of the household. Mr. Benson has altered all that, and has probably got nearer to the truth than most other writers for whom the subject of the Brontë life-story offers endless ammunition. He shows us a Charlotte who was in reality the only lonely one in the family. She was lonely because her sister's nature was greater than she could ever comprehend; that a certain school-marm element in her attitude towards others alienated her from her associates; that she was ruthless in her treatment of her brother, and that she could be vindictive where she did not approve or towards those who did not approve of her. The story of the four love letters which Charlotte wrote to Mr. Héger and how they were saved from oblivion and of whose existence nobody knew until a few years ago, is one of the most curious facets of a very curious story, and Mr. Benson tells us all about it. These letters throw an entirely new light on the character of Charlotte and her attitude towards the whole Brussels period of her life. Personally, the new knowledge makes her definitely more human, while (remembering "Willie" and how she could never create an episode or a character except out of experience) less lovable. Emily was, of course, as utterly beyond her comprehension as was the beauty and greatness of "Wuthering Heights." One had always guessed as much from her reference to her sister's work and from episodes in their mutual life. Mr. Benson gently proves this unconscious antagonism up to the hilt. The difference between the two sisters was never more clearly shown, for example, than in their attitude towards Branwell during the years of his mental and moral collapse. Emily never once faltered in her regard nor failed to

forgive him his sins. Charlotte, on the other hand, was ruthless. No wonder her brother turned from her, as did her sisters when in dire distress. She was the business end of the family, puritanical towards others, and spiritually rather hard. Undoubtedly Charlotte comes out in a far less angelic light in Mr.



H.E. PRINCE URACH—AND "JACOB"

Prince Urach is a very good young painter and is shortly holding a one-man exhibition of his works at the Leicester Galleries. Included in it are portraits of Hitler, the Nazi Leader, a striking one of King Zogu, a Balkan Brigand King, and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen. Prince Urach, who was married not long ago, recently held a very successful exhibition in Oslo.



EMBROIDERED CHAIR MADE BY DISABLED SOLDIERS

The Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Industry (Friends of the Poor) which was started during the last year of the War has taught over 400 totally disabled ex-service men to do embroidery. Over ninety members are now employed by the industry. Her Majesty the Queen takes a very great interest in these disabled men and in the beautiful work they do, and many orders have been executed for her including an altar frontal which is used at Buckingham Palace. A sale of work will be held at 42, Princes Gate, by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Russ-Mogg on May 4 and 5, and all who are interested in this work should make a point of being present on one of these days.

Benson's book than in most other biographies but, by proven facts, by one sense, I think he is justified in his estimation. Mrs. Gaskell, of course, created the Brontë tradition, but Mr. Benson proves how she omitted everything which would at all damage her preconceived notion regarding each member of the Brontë family. Poor old Mr. Brontë was especially ill-used by her. Later facts and information show him in a much more favourable light. Romantic preconception of famous characters dies hard, however, and I dare say that Mr. Benson's book will infuriate the more emotional but less thoughtful Brontë worshippers. Yet while still a worshipper at the Haworth shrine he never refuses to face facts. For instance his solution of the problem as to whether Emily or Branwell Brontë was the real author of "Wuthering Heights" is not only interesting but I personally believe to be true. He suggests that undoubtedly all the middle portion of that wonderful story belongs to Emily, it breathes the spirit of her poetry on every page. But he suggests that Branwell might have written the beginning, which would explain its somewhat laboured pompousness, the jerky construction of its later plot. He also suggests that Branwell might have helped his sister in her character-studies of old yokels since she had no experience of them and he had had so many. But the beauty, the wildness, all that makes the story one of the loveliest stories in the world, this Mr. Benson shows could have come from no other member of the family. Finally I don't think I have read a more fascinating book on the Brontës' life story than this one. It is so much more comprehensive than all the others. It gathers in its pages all the latest known facts, and from them builds up a more completely satisfying story so far as the story of another's life can ever be complete.

(Continued on p. 145)

ONE IN THE WIND FOR HIM!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Doctor: There is distinct congestion of the respiratory passages

Anxious Patient: Lumme! I thought it was a cold, Doctor

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

A Remarkable New Novel.

If you hurriedly skip one of the most vivid descriptions of a surgical operation in the operating theatre of a big London hospital that I



MISS PEGGY BAGOT-CHESTER

Miss Peggy Bagot-Chester is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hughie Bagot-Chester. Mrs. Bagot-Chester is a granddaughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Browne and a niece of Sir John Don-Wauchope, Bt., of Edmonstone and New Town Midlothian. Miss Bagot-Chester was presented at the second Court last May

nobility of the work is paramount; where it is ignoble it is, alas, human. It is a story of hospital "shop," but it is "shop" illuminated by an acute sense of observation. The various sisters, the doctors, the probationers, the matron, as well as the members of the committee are so "alive" that they seem to be actual portraits. Every hospital is a world of its own, so to speak, narrow yet extensive, glorious yet often paltry. Miss James stresses no one aspect, and this makes her picture especially vivid and moving. The chief character, the character around which the story revolves, is a ward sister in her early thirties. Adriane is engaged to a man, an only son, whose widowed mother has never realized that he is grown up, that he has a part to play in life in which she can have no share, no matter what her past sacrifices for his welfare may have cost her. Between this mother and her son's fiancée there can never be either sympathy or understanding. At last, weary of quarrels about nothing at all, due to his mother's sub-conscious jealousy of the woman her son is going to marry, Adriane decides that she will pass a week-end alone with her lover, passing as man and wife. That, surely, she thinks, will decide for both of them if marriage would likely be a success; if their love, indeed, be merely a question of

unsatisfied desire. In the middle of this week-end the man's mother wires that she is returning home from her holiday suffering from a severe illness. Adriane realizes that it is only a ruse on the old woman's part to interfere with her son's arrangements. She protests. If he leaves her after what has taken place between them she will never return to him. It will prove that his mother stands first, and no marriage could possibly be successful in such circumstances. Yet what can he do? Her lover protests. If his mother is really ill he will never be able to forgive himself for not coming to her side when she is in need of him. If, on the other hand, her illness is only an excuse . . . ? He goes. Adriane returns to her work at the hospital. Their engagement is at an end. As a woman she is a curious mixture of sympathy and hardness. She has seen so much real suffering that she has not patience with the imagined variety. Even for love she will not give up her profession if marriage would merely mean a secondary position to her husband's mother. One can understand her side of the question; one can also sympathize with his. Interesting, however, as is the problem of this love-affair, the novel is most interesting and most moving for its description of hospital life as lived by the staff. Here the story is a remarkable one. The world apart, which is life in a hospital, has never been so ruthlessly, yet somehow so sympathetically portrayed. The wonder of it, the blessing of it, the greatness and the weakness of it—are all there. Miss James has written a remarkable novel.

The Tale of a Conceited Egoist.

We are all egoists more or less but a conceited egoist is a dire affliction to live with. Such a man was Byron Humphrey, the main character in Mr. Frederick Nevin's novel, "The Rich Wife" (Collins. 7s. 6d.). His conceited ambition amounted almost to mania. He had inherited a good deal of it from his parents, but he supplied most of it himself. Worldly success was all the success he cared about and, in order to achieve the foundation of this, he married Margaret for her money. Later on he reached the pinnacle of his ambitions by writing super-successful rubbish. Moreover he had all the jealousy, all the suspicion, all the desire to disparage his competitors which is to be found in the mentally second-rate. How Margaret ever managed to live with him I cannot possibly imagine. Most women would have murdered him, especially when they were financially independent of him. To realize, however, upon which side the bread is buttered quite often

passes for fidelity in both men and women. But Margaret could have left him at any time had she not suffered from that long-suffering "complex" which can be less edifying than exasperating. Her only compensation for being married to such a vain-glorious ass as Byron proved to be was her daughter, to whom she endeavoured to paint her father in something of the "light" in which he saw himself. But eventually this girl grows up and sees her parent as the supreme egoist he is. Nevertheless Byron's character overwhelms all the rest of the story. One cannot quite believe in him, perhaps; that is, not as one can believe in the self-seeking clergyman who was his father, but the whole story is so skilfully constructed, so "slick" in its unfolding, that you are never bored by it from beginning to end; and take the improbable for granted gladly. It is a strange fact, however, that the only people inclined to be monotonous are the people whose natures sprout wings. Margaret, for instance. Or is it that long-suffering, unless for some divine and useful purpose, irritates, the while we try to paint a metaphorical halo around its head? It is an interesting and well-contrived story.



MR. G. H. SAXON MILLS AND MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

At a cocktail party given by Mr. Saxon Mills to celebrate the publication of his first book, "Interruption" (Heinemann). Mr. Saxon Mills, who has had a versatile career in aviation and journalism, is a godson of "G. K.," and this book is a sensational satire in novel form on the present-day religious, political, and social outlook in England

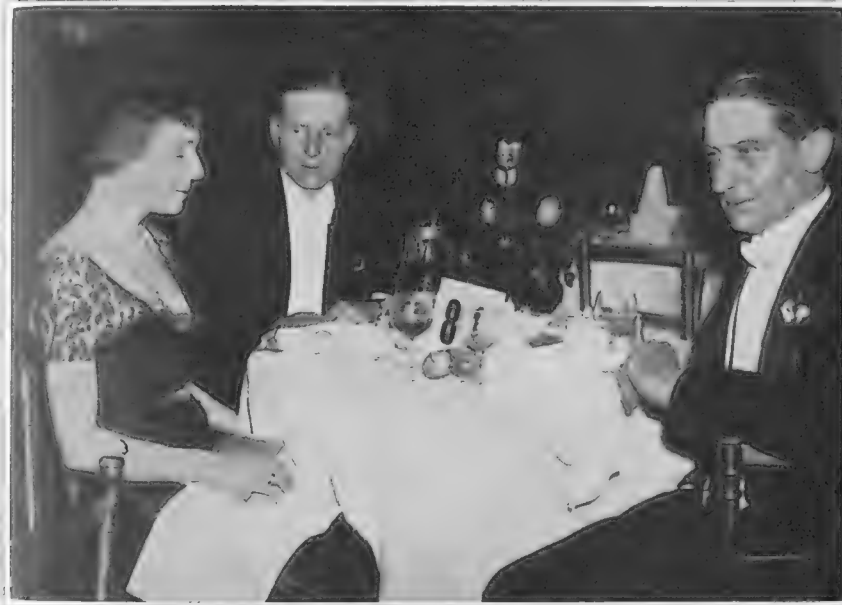
IN THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN



AT THE "NAPOLEON" FIRST NIGHT: MR. WILLIAM STONE, ^{outsha}MISS JULIA NEILSON, AND MR. FRED TERRY



—ALSO SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS DAUGHTER ^{Sasha}



AT THE CARLTON—AT THE HON. SOPHIA WATSON'S DANCE:
LORD AND LADY THANKERTON AND THEIR SON



—AND THE HON. SIR GERVASE BECKETT, MISS EILEEN HAWTHORNE, AND MR. JOHN TWEED, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR ^{Arthur Owen}

The Hon. Sophia Watson, who is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Thankerton, to all her guests' regret, was prevented by illness from being at her own party at the Carlton, and her father and mother had to do the honours for her. The Hon. Douglas Watson is in the group with Lord and Lady Thankerton. Lord Thankerton is a son of the late Lord Watson, whose title is extinct. Mr. John Tweed, who is in the same group as the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, Lord Grimthorpe's brother, is the famous sculptor. Amongst his many other works is the Kitchener Memorial on the Horse Guards' Parade. Mr. Lawrence Anderson, the well-known actor, who is with Sir Nigel and Lady Playfair and others, is responsible for a quite outstanding performance as Louis XV in "The Dubarry." Mussolini's play, "Napoleon: The Hundred Days," attracted a big crowd to the New, anxious to hear what one dictator had to say about another one. The reception has been generally favourable



ALSO AT THE CARLTON: MR. LYON PLAYFAIR, MISS NADINE MARCH, SIR NIGEL AND LADY PLAYFAIR, MR. LAWRENCE ANDERSON, AND MISS EVE GRAY ^{Arthur Owen}



THE 1st BATT. RIFLE BRIGADE POLO TEAM AND SPARE MAN,
WINNERS 1932 INFANTRY CUP IN INDIA

The names of the team which won this year's Infantry Cup at Bareilly, left to right, are: Mr. T. R. Wilbraham, Lord Garmoye, Mr. H. E. Anson, Captain J. Newton (captain), and Mr. V. B. Turner, fifth man. The R.B. are the only infantry regiment which has won the Subalterns' Cup, which was presented by Lord Airlie, Xth Hussars, in 1884. This was the 2nd Battalion. This year the team above were beaten one goal by the Xth, the eventual winners; and they are old foemen, as in the Indian Inter-Regimental of 1911 the 2nd R.B. were only beaten a goal by the Xth after extra time. The Infantry Cup has been won previously twice by the 3rd R.B., three times by the 2nd R.B., and twice by the 1st R.B.—a great record

DESPITE the hypocritical *Katzenjammer* of our foes and the quite genuine cater-wauling of our supposed friends, a thorough-bred horse-wauling "England" has jumped a Grand National course without once putting a foot wrong and is now galloping on with no shortening of his stride, his head in his chest, and with the remainder of the field well whacked toiling behind him. It is a shade of odds on some of them being turned over on to their backs at the last one and, if they are, it will give them a full and satisfactory chance of feeling what it is like being in the position they had hoped would be occupied by the real "tradesman" to whom reference has been made in the opening sentence. I am just brute enough, never having had any use for jackals, hyænas, or snakes, to say that it will serve some of 'em jolly well right. The outsider's attitude, however, can be understood, and he may have been perfectly justified in his hope that we should never race, hunt, play polo, cricket, or any kind of football again. As that long-headed Frenchman said: "In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not displeasing to us."

The attitude of our own peculiar breed of Jeremiah it is not so easy to understand. I wonder why it should be his perpetual endeavour to create that wet white mouse atmosphere, and wait with ill-concealed glee for his own country to go down for the count, never to get up again? If the land of our principal detractor is such a Garden of the Hesperides, why do not these coves hike off there like scalded cats and bed down with their dear "comrades" in the dirty straw which is about all some of the poor devils have for bed clothes? England surely cannot possess any attractions for them—even though she has declined to get blown off her pins in a storm that has scattered the very whiskers off all the other starters in the Omnium Gatherum High-Weight Handicap?

The fact that England intends still to be Merrie England, and has every right to be merry after what she has done, rather annoys these peculiar persons, who cannot see that money spent on what they consider luxury sport

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

and luxury trade generally, is the best possible thing for everyone, for a very good and sufficient reason, namely, because if no one bought anything more expensive than a packet of fags trade would very soon stop. Polo, hunting, 'chasing, yachting, all make the money spin, and the more it spins the farther down it percolates, and the more people are benefited; for surely it is apparent that it must react right away down the line from, let us say, Fortnum and Mason to Woolworth's. This is axiomatic—is not it?

The people who said that no one would be able to afford to play polo in England ever again have been proved to be just about as right as those festive chaps who said that fox-hunting was finished, and that we might as well make a bonfire of our pink coats and sell our boots to the American movie merchants who still think that there is a bit of kick and pep in a flicker that has a fox-hunt in it. But they had forgotten that it is the man *behind* the gun who counts a lot more than the gun itself. It never occurred to them to ask themselves what that expression means. They know now that it spells "guts," *morale*, call it anything you please, and that the reason why Great Britain is now Greatest Britain, top of the whole heap, right of the line, out lengths in front of the whole fleet of them, is because she had the right kind of ballast in the hold, and that even when the combers were biggest and most threatening, rode them like

a duck, and declined to get the wind up. You can't keep a good man down, you can't kill a nation that, instead of being eight figures in millions on the wrong side is on the right side after all.

And all this is why we are going to continue to play polo or any other game which to us may seem meet and fitting, and we are doing this because these things are the proven best recipes for increasing the strength of our national moral fibre, and further because, having faced up to this big spot of bother, and *beaten it, don't forget*, we deserve all the relaxation we can get. We have shown a good many people besides the gent who called us "flannelled fools," that because we know how to play it does not follow that we do not know how to work and

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THE Xth HUSSAR TEAM AT DELHI

This team won H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's Commemoration Polo Cup, 1932, beating the Baria State team by one goal. The names in the picture include Mr. M. N. E. MacMullen, Captain C. B. C. Harvey, Major C. H. Gairdner (captain), and Captain D. Dawney. During a previous period of their service in India the Xth were invincible in Inter-Regimental polo



THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM REID

Having received "standing" orders from the St. Marylebone Constitutional Union, in the by-election caused by the application of Sir Rennell Rodd for the Chiltern Hundreds, Captain Cunningham Reid is now hard at work putting his case before the electorate, which numbers over 72,000. His wife is also busy on his behalf, and, as she has already experienced the joys of canvassing, when Captain Cunningham Reid was concerned with the Warrington division, she speaks with some authority. Lord Mount Temple's younger daughter was married in 1927. She has two dear little boys, Michael and Noel Robert

MANIFEST IN MARYLEBONE

Where they are busy by-electioneering:
Captain A. S. Cunningham Reid and his wife



CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM REID, D.F.C.

Photographs by Alex Corbett



A GOLD MEDAL PICTURE OF AUSTRIA'S PERFECT GIRL

Lydia Wieser is rated the most perfect thing in all Austria, and this photographic study of her and the leopard cub was exhibited by Professor Manasse at the Spring Salon of the Austrian National Photographic Society. The picture won a special gold medal—and deserved it, if only for the risk the lady took. Even the friendliest of the Big Cats is always apt to turn a bit funny at any moment

TRÈS CHER,—On Friday night Monsieur Sacha Guitry celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his début as dramatist, since it was on April 15, 1902, when "Sacha" was only seventeen, that the tiny Théâtre des Mathurins (which still exists in the street of the same name) presented "*Le Page*," a charming little *opéra-bouffe* in one act. In those days, extreme youth was not the short cut to success that it so often is nowadays and, rather more than his tender years, the fact that Sacha was the great Lucien Guitry's son inclined the critics to indulgence. Since then, he has given us some eighty comedies, operettas, and revues that have nearly all gained public favour and many of which have been translated into other languages with equal success; Sacha has become as famous—if not as great or as powerful—an actor as Lucien, and the critics have had no reason to regret their mansuetude.

This anniversary was fêted in the true theatrical manner with wine, laughter, and song, and, of course, Yvonne Printemps' facile tears of emotion. (Does she always weep in London, as she does here, when she announces her husband's name at the end of a first-night performance?) The flowers that were sent to Sacha's dressing-room overflowed into the passages and into the wings, and if they caused much bad language amongst the scene-shifters and head-aches amongst the more susceptible members of the company, they looked very lovely to the visitors who crowded the *coulisses* during the intervals to congratulate an extraordinarily bashful—*une fois n'est pas coutume*—actor who, for the first time in his life, I imagine, found himself at a loss for words when he tried to express his gratitude. Later in the evening, at the supper party that closed this emotional evening, Sacha was his usual eloquent and witty self . . . but I think I liked him best when he stuttered. It was remarkably well done!

A week or so ago I wrote of the new cabarets that have recently added to the gaiety of the night life of Paris. Since

then, the old Florida (rue de Clichy) has reopened and is now known as "Montmartre." It has been transformed to represent the famous Place du Tertre, that was such a delightful and inexpensive place for open-air dinners in the summer, before the tourists "discovered" its charm, and all the fake beggars of the city learned to come and whine round the tables. At the Florida, the professional beggars are not admitted, but, alas! one finds them in other and yet quite familiar guise in the cloak-room, selling cigarettes, flowers, and opening the door of one's car! Always the same old crowd, Très Cher.

On the opening night the place was packed, not a table to be had, and the floor space reserved for the dancing was not much good for anyone but a sword-dancer! Baron and Baroness Robert de Rothschild were there, so was young Philip of the same monika, and Mlle. Diana, whose newest ring (query—engagement?), consisting of two immense pearls, one pink and one black, was immensely admired by all her little girl friends. . . . You ought to have seen the obsequious vertebræ of the hovering *maîtres d'hôtel* as they surrounded the table of the Five Gentlemen from Frankfurt . . . visions of magnums, caviare, and out-of-season fruit shone through the haze of cigarette-smoke! Alas and again alas! Some half-bottles of mineral water and a plate of *petits fours secs* was all that went down on the pad!

In the Montparnasse quarter Gabriello has opened "*Dans le Maquis*," a Corsican cabaret where one is served by forbidding-looking and very picturesque Corsican bandits. I do not think they are greater bandits, however, than their *confrères* in black and white garb . . . but still, champagne is not *obligatoire*, and in all these *boîtes* the demned total is less demnable than it used to be. Paris has learned its lesson where *le noble étranger* is concerned.

I have sometimes mentioned, on this page, the Children's Concerts that are given, by Mme. Marty-Zipelius, at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier on Saturday afternoons. The concert that is to

(Continued on p. xxii)



IN ROME: SIGNORINA NIVES POLI

Italy's most popular young dancer, whose first appearance in Rome so impressed Mussolini that he asked that the lady should be presented to him, and, after complimenting her, gallantly handed her a large bunch of lilac, which had been grown in his own conservatory

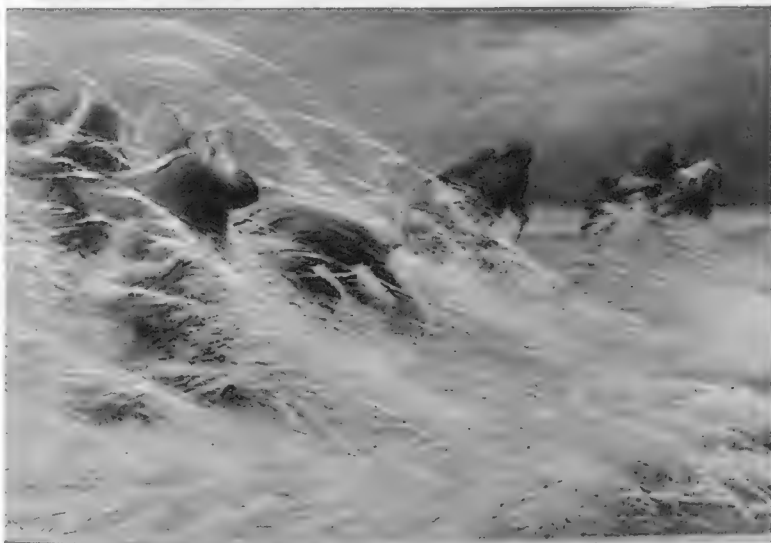
THE PARIS SALON, 1932



"LE MATIN," BY WATELET



"LA VIE VICTORIEUSE," BY ROCHEGROSSE



"FUI TE VERS L'ÉTRANGER DES HUGUENOTS PERSÉCUTÉS,"
BY MAX LEENHARDT

This year's Paris Salon opens on May 1st, and these few specimens of an always noteworthy exhibition are an advance "notice," in a way of speaking. The picture which may claim a great deal of attention—for it is not only good in composition, but appears to be extremely well painted—is Leenhardt's "Fuite vers l'Étranger des Huguenots Persécutés." It is unquestionably a subject picture of an arresting nature. Rochegrosse's nudes in the middle distance of a charmingly painted little landscape are delicate in line, whatever they may be in colour value. The other two pictures are, as to one of them, "Le Matin," the kind of old friends we might meet almost anywhere—but are obviously painted and drawn by an artist



"LES QUATRE CAVALIERS DE L'APOCALYPSE," BY KONRAD

THE RACE GAME



READY TO RIDE FOR THEIR LIVES

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Lady Mary Grosvenor both competed in the Ladies' Race at the Wilton Point-to-Point, so their mother, Constance Duchess of Westminster, who is seen with them in the above snapshot, found this event well worth watching. In a thrilling finish, Lady Ursula's Stoughton II. was beaten a head, by Mr. H. Knight's Starlight XXIII., ridden by Miss Phyllis Hunt



LADY RADNOR'S FAMILY PARTY

The Ladies Jane and Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie with their mother at the Wilton Point-to-Point Races, held at Toyd. The Wilton Hunt was founded in 1869 by the present Earl of Radnor's great-grandfather, who was Master for fifteen seasons



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL, MRS. GORDON FOSTER (RT.) AND LORD GRIMTHORPE



THE HON. MRS. PRIOR-PALMER, MISS INGHAM AND LORD ALLERTON, AT EASINGWOLD

The snapshot above and that on the right were taken when the York and Ainsty held their Hunt Races at Easingwold. The Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer is Lady Zouche's daughter, and married Captain Leslie Prior-Palmer, 9th. Lancers, in 1926. She and her husband are both addicted to horse sports, and are also enthusiastic about sailing. Lady Jean Dundas, who is seen with her mother, Lady Zetland, is sixteen years old. The Bedale Point-to-Point was the cause of the snapshot on the left. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall finished second in the Ladies' Nomination Race on her own horse, Britomart. There were fifteen starters



LADY ZETLAND AND HER DAUGHTER

A SPATE OF HUNT BALLS



THE OLD BERKELEY HUNT BALL

Included in this group are: Mr. K. E. Henderson, Miss Greene, W. R. Lloyd, the Hon. Joan Guinness, Mrs. Hetty Bazell, Mr. J. Lloyd, Mr. Badcock, Mr. Peter Haslow



Truman Howell

THE SOUTH HEREFORD HUNT BALL COMMITTEE

In rear: Miss A. Lucas-Scudamore, Miss Helme and Miss Roberts. Centre: Miss G. Lucas-Scudamore, Miss C. Heywood, Mrs. A. Simmons, M.F.H. (the Master), Miss E.C. Heywood, Miss Phillipson-Stow and Miss F. Wienholt. In front: Miss. A. M. Wienholt, Miss Bridget Foster, Miss Towse and Miss V. Clive



THE BEAUFORT HUNT BALL AT PINKNEY PARK

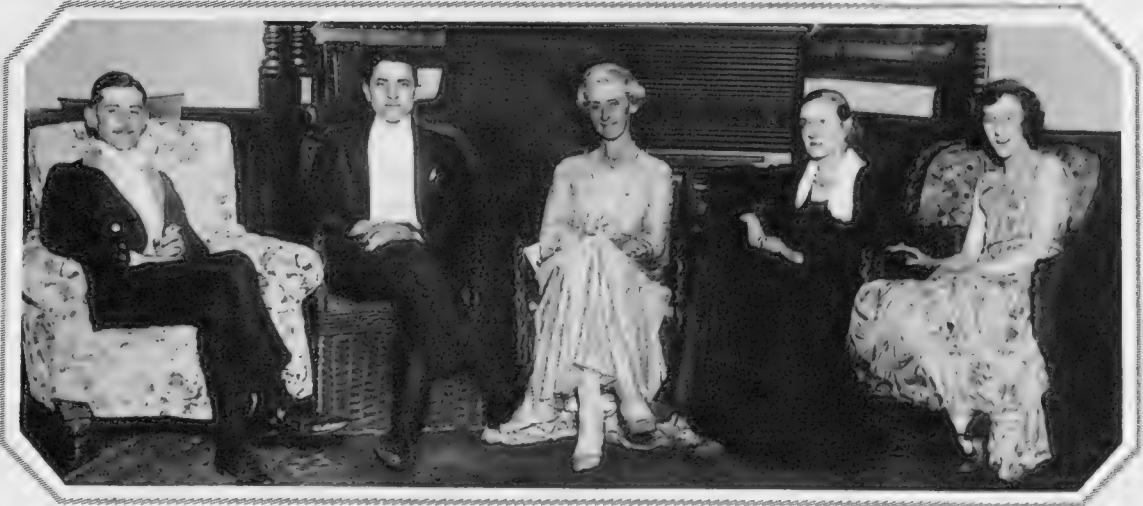
In the group are: Lady Diana Wellesley, Mr. Alistair Gilmore, the Hon. Eileen Brougham, Miss Betty Shaughnessy, Mr. Godfrey Faussett and James Carnegie

The O.B.H.—whose kennels at one time in their existence were near where Charing Cross Station now is, with Trafalgar Square nearby for hound exercise—held their hunt ball this year at the Bell House, near Beaconsfield. In Teddie Tyrwhitt Drake's mastership it used to be held at famous Shardeloes, his seat at Amerham. The Beaufort Ball was held the night before the hunt races—a regular meeting—and a very big field forgathered at Pinkney Court. Lady Fiona Fuller is a daughter of Lord and Lady Camden, and Lady Diana Wellesley a half-sister of the Earl of Cowley, and the Hon. Eileen Brougham is a sister of Lord Brougham. Three hundred people or thereabouts were at the South Hereford Ball at the Town Hall, Hereford. Sir James Croft is Hon. Whip to the Radnor and West Hereford Pack. His seat is Croft Castle, which has been in possession of his family since the days of his ancestor, Owen Glyndwr, the famous Welsh chieftain. He was the Oxford cox. from 1925-28



Swaebe

ALSO AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT BALL:
MISS JOYCE COOPER, SIR GERARD FULLER, LADY FIONA FULLER AND COMMANDER BRUCE



Truman Howell

ANOTHER SOUTH HEREFORD BALL GROUP

In the picture are Sir James Croft, Bart., Mr. E. A. Freeman, Lady Croft, Miss G. Treherne and Mrs. Parr (a sister of Sir James Croft). Miss Jean Troughton, of North Dean House, Miss Margaret Hobson, of Hughenden, and Miss "Bunty" Wilson were joint hostesses

"ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE"

By
ALAN BOTT

"THE MIRACLE,"
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

IF we must, let us go Gothic, but no further than we need. *The Miracle* is finely imagined; Humperdinck's music for it is lovely; Cochran-Reinhardt should be just the right combination for turning it into great spectacle; and all this is a twice-told tale, as I well know through having been taken as a youth to see the stupendous production in pre-war Olympia.

Newness in the Lyceum production comes from evolution in the minds of Reinhardt and Cochran during twenty years. This apart, the Nun still slips as of old from the contemplative life to follow a swarthy knight, is tossed from robber count to decadent prince and mad king, is crucified by the Inquisition, and returns with her dead child to the Cathedral, where the babe is miraculously transformed into the Holy Infant's effigy, held by the Madonna who had stepped down to replace the Nun through several years.

Any comparison between the two productions comes less from the different Madonna, Nun, and diabolic Spielmann, than from the added trappings. Three more composers have been added. Oliver Messel and Leonide Massine have happened between 1912 and 1932. And the Lyceum Theatre of Henry Irving and the blood-and-fustian Brothers Melville has been plastered for the event with something between mediæval devotionism and a pageant-master's dream come true.

I mean no irreverence in saying that the theatre's transformation into a cathedral reminded me of the Coliseum's dress for *White Horse Inn*, and also of a Sussex inn which stresses its oldness by giving the dining-room all sorts of ye-olde trimmings, including property hams that swing on spits. Assorted Gothic in plaster, woodwork and stained glass travels beyond the stage to cover the boxes, some auditorium pillars, and the frontage of the circles. The organ-like orchestra is hidden high up in the gallery. All this, with the bell-pealing, and the *ora pro nobis* that is intoned with as much reiteration as a theme-song, made me, at any rate, uneasy, since I could not forget neither the Lyceum nor the sacristy.

There was uneasiness in feeling that the stalls were pews, and in the instinct to lean forward on to a cassock when the Archbishop blessed the congregation.

The Messel costumes and Massine "ensembles" are responsible for another conflict in style. They are brilliant, but they do not blend with the devotions. The Cathedral scene impresses through its realism (although some may be reminded of the "Jackdaw of Rheims" in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and expect its nice little boy with a nice little ewer to come forward with a bowl for finger-rinsing by the Archbishop). Priests, nuns, noblemen, and populace do their well-planned stuff in straight-forward manner; and then Massine, as the Spielmann, brings arch-wriggles and symbolic posturings that are in another medium.

The change from the actual to the imaginative goes much further in later scenes. The dances and chasings in the forest glade, and in the prince's bed-room, are unalloyed Russian ballet; and Oliver Messel's costumes for the mad king's coronation are not only witty, but have a sugar-cake relish. The convincing spectacle in the cathedral is so recent that the brain must be clicked sharply into appreciation of a new technique used for the secular episodes; and later, it must click back as sharply for the final direct reverence before the Madonna.

The Miracle itself retains the poetry which can give an emotional experience to many, and this presentation of it has enough splendid grouping, first-rate miming and beauty of colour and movement to make it worth anybody's while once. Tilly Losch is greatly appealing as the Nun. Massine's Spielmann is at any rate artistic, and Lady Diana Cooper gives to the Madonna in repose (she is less impressive in movement) a Botticelli loveliness that seems other-worldly. Lyn Harding is poignant as the mad king. Glen Byam-Shaw touches the heart-strings with his study of a cripple's miraculous, painfully ecstatic cure. The prevailing adjective for this production will be "mahvellous," but it is better fitted by one from the language of its German origin. It is Kolossal.

"I LIVED WITH YOU"

The handsome stranger was hungry, so when he found some sandwiches he ate them. So the girl who left the sandwiches told him he had a nerve, and thought him awfully fresh, even for a foreigner, until she found he was a prince in disguise. So she took him home to Fulham, and they lived happily some of the time. Mr. Ivor Novello's play, *I Lived With You*, featuring Ivor Novello, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is more than a bit of a fairy tale. It begins by reversing the prince and the beggar-maid into the maid and the beggar-prince.

Not realising Fulham's inhibitions, Felix the Prince told disconcerting truths to Gladys the typist and her family, and did it with such flourishes that English morals went down like ninepins before his odd, unmoral advice. Mother took to vodka; Gladys lost her job through staying to talk with the balalaika-strumming Russian on the sofa; Ada the mannequin took to living in a flat rented by her employer; and father took to a mistress with a white-fox fur. So when Ada's and her daddy's doings were dragged into the limelight, Mother decided to break up the Home.

My husband has been unfaithful after twenty-four years—he disliked it, but all the same, out of the house and into the cold with him. Dogs with dirty 'abits are kept in the yard. My daughter has also brought shame upon me, she is no longer a virgin, the curate's wife round the corner has heard about it, so away with her as well, until her wicked employer gets his divorce and marries her, when I shall be charmed to have him as son-in-law.

Ah, but I have another daughter, and great things are in store for her. She is loved by the dear prince. What! my upright daughter declines to better herself by accepting the dear prince! She must be mad, everybody must be

mad, even my new son the prince, who says I am cruel and stupid for turning my husband and my Ada out into the cold. I think hysterics will be best.

It is half-way through the last act, and looks like hard going for a happy end. Yes, but silent old Aunt Flossie is clearly destined as a settler-up of impossible situations; throughout

the play Felix the Prince has been frightened of her alone, whom he claims as a kindred soul. So, after the maiden had relented and let herself be held in a ju-jitsu kiss lasting three minutes by the wrist-watch, the wise old woman told the prince in disguise that an eagle could not live among swallows. So, after a last sad look round the sweet, ugly room where he had been so happy, and made the little swallows so miserable, the prince departed alone, leaving behind him the remains of the Emperor's locket as wedding present for Gladys when she should marry somebody else.

That, though, would be no happy ending in terms of little Dolly Daydreams, Mummy's Upright Girl. So Gladys, facing Aunt Flossie with the love-look in her eyes ("Why, I do believe it's reel," says Aunt Flossie, looking deep down), was told that the prince went back to Hampton Court, where she first met him over the sandwiches. So she borrowed five shillings to hire a horseless coach that took her to the king's palace before the prince, and they continued to live happily some of the time.

No synopsis of the bare plot could help sounding like a novelette of yester-year; and the author has emphasised this by his exaggeration of suburban what-nots. A clerk who circulates, albeit meekly, among Hatton Garden diamond dealers, a typist in the 1932 City, or a mannequin in a dress shop do not lack aspirates, nor regard all foreigners as having "French ways," however genteel they may otherwise be. These characteristics belong nowadays to the basement area or the country labourer's cottage.

It should be added at once that the treatment of the plot is good "theatre." Lines and happenings that are really funny succeed each other in crackling succession, and credible twists of character glitter so pleasantly that their incredible foundation is little noticed. Mr. Novello, as actor, takes with both hands the well-devised chances for comedy and bravura which he gives himself as a Russian in homeside Fulham; and Ursula Jeans, Eliot Makeham, Minnie Rayner, and Cicely Oates back him up to the ultimate aspidistra.

This entertainment should greatly please Ivor Novello's special public—for them, the title *I Lived With You* has in itself an alluring contact with maidens' meditations. Play-goers outside the Ivor cult will survive the production without boredom and can be guaranteed amusement if they put credibility's tongue within the cheek of tolerance.



FULHAM LEARNS ABOUT LIFE FROM RUSSIA: URSULA JEANS AS GLADYS THE TYPIST, THEA HOLME AS ADA THE MANNEQUIN, AND IVOR NOVELLO AS FELIX THE PRINCE

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



THE PICNIC!



ENTANGLED

By W. E. WEBSTER, R.I., R.O.I.



SIGNING ON THE CREW OF A PRIVATEER
by A.D. McCORMICK R.I.

Player's
Please



"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS."



MISS GLADYS COOPER

WHO HAS A BIG SUCCESS IN HER NEW PLAY, "DR. PYGMALION," AT THE PLAYHOUSE

By AVTORI

The new comedy by Mr. Harrison Owen, with Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Ronald Squire in the leads, opened at The Playhouse on March 30, and is a lighter comedy than has fallen to the charming actress' lot of recent times. It purports to bring Molière's "L'Amour Médecin" and "The Mollusc" up to date, for the "Doctor" in the story cures his neurotic patient by making love to her. When the lady's husband (Mr. Edmond Breon in the play) comes back from America, whither he has fled in self-protection, he is so astounded at the cure that he goes sick himself—quite promptly!



A FLUTTER IN

By A. K. M.



THE BOUDOIR

CDONALD

ABDULLA MAGIC

Virginias
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"



Virginias
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"

THE LAKE OF MEMORIES

Among the floating garden of strange flowers
Sprung from the depths of my enchanted lake
Are starry blooms recalling bygone hours,
And rosy lilybuds about to break.

The tall green reeds still whisper of delight,
Each sunset hears the wild birds' homing cry,
But I must set Abdulla's Spell alight
And bid my lovely memories goodbye.

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA ALSO MAKE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

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ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD NEAR LONDON

ROUND THE RESTAURANTS



LADY QUEENSBERRY, THE HON. CHARLES WINN, MISS BRITTAN-JONES AND LORD QUEENSBERRY AT QUAGLINO'S



LADY DELAMERE AND MISS MALA BRAND AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



AT QUAGLINO'S: CAPTAIN C. WALLER AND THE HON. MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS



MISS AVRIL STREATFEILD AND LORD TENNYSON



"THE BANDITS": MISS DODO ANNESLEY, MISS DOREA STANHOPE AND MISS SHEILA ANNESLEY

Whether it is due to what Mr. Runciman said, the spring feeling in the air, or what, the fact remains that the London fashionable eat places are noticeably fuller than they have been for months past, and these pictures were taken quite at random by the camera sniper. "The Bandits," who are in the picture on the right, are very well known and very high efficiency, and the picture was taken when they were playing at the recent Economy Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. Miss Stanhope needs no introduction to the golfing world, and is the only daughter of the Hon. Charles Stanhope; and Miss Annesley and her sister are cousins of Priscilla Lady Annesley

Photographs: Arthur Owen and Swabe

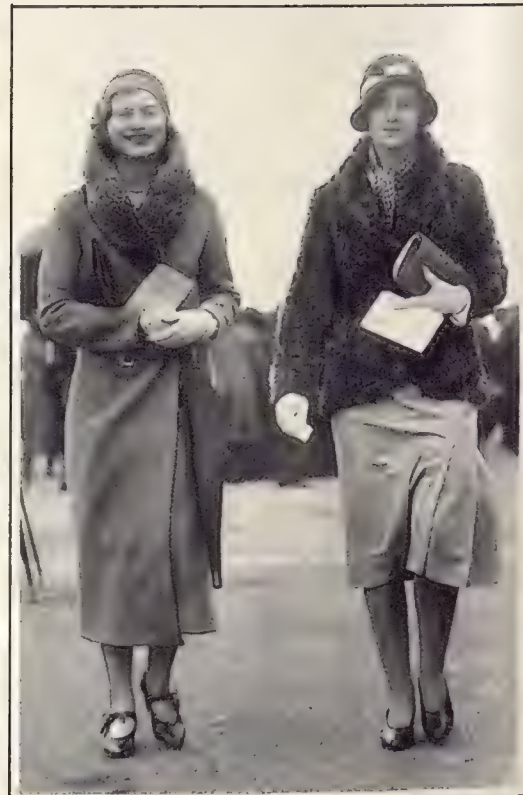
SPORTING HAPPENINGS



MRS. LLOYD THOMAS AND HER CHILDREN, WITH MISS VIVIEN ST. GEORGE AND MR. A. F. STANLEY-CLARKE, AT THE HEYTHROP HUNT STEEPLECHASES



ALSO AT THE HEYTHROP POINT-TO-POINT RACES: COLONEL AND MRS WETHERLEY



AT THE CURRAGH: (LEFT) LORD MILTON AND MRS JOHN ROBERTS; (CENTRE) LORD AND LADY WHARNCLIFFE AND LADY ANN STUART-WORTLEY; (RIGHT) THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET AND MISS TERESA JUNGMAN

The Heythrop Point-to-Point meeting, at which the top pictures on this page were taken, was well up to standard, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lloyd Thomas's son and elder daughter enjoyed it exceedingly. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas is a niece of Lord Bellew. Miss Vivien St. George is to be married to Mr. A. F. Stanley-Clarke on June 7th, at St. Mary Abbot's. Her fiancé is in the 14th/20th Hussars. Colonel Wetherley and his wife are popular personalities in the Heythrop country. The Curragh was the setting for the remaining photographs, the occasion being the Irish One Thousand day. Celebrations in connection with Lord Milton's coming-of-age (the actual date of which was December 31, 1931) were recently held at Coollattin, Lord Fitzwilliam's place in Co. Wicklow. The family party included Lord Milton's brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Wharncliffe. Mrs. Roberts is a niece of Sir Francis Brooke

Photographs by Dennis Moss and Poole, Dublin



"THE MADONNA," BY BALDOVINETTI

A PICTURE OF MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH AT THE PAINTERS' PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITION

Captain Peter North's exhibition, which he has called Painters' Photographs, because it is of reconstructions of pictures by famous painters, opened at his galleries in Old Burlington Street on the 19th, and will remain open all throughout the London season. There are fifty-two exhibits, and the one for which Mrs. Claude Leigh posed is one of the few in costume. Mrs. Claude Leigh has often represented the Madonna at charity tableaux, and is as well known for her efforts in any good cause as she is for her great beauty.

Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE"

By

AS if to contradict all this talk about masts and sails being as dead as the proverbial herring, and the further assertion that there are no sailor men left who know anything about the job, there comes this amazing log of Shaw Desmond's voyage round the Horn in a four-masted barque. He has called his book "Wind-Jammer—The Book of the Horn," and it has been published by Hutchinson's. It is one of the most fascinating yarns of the salt seas I have ever come across, and if any other landlubber wants to feel the spray in his face as she puts her nose into a green one, and get the sensation of a big ship putting her lee-rail under, let him get this book and read every word of it. If he is fond of the sea even as an amateur, he will "eat" it as, I confess, I have done. Here is one reason why: the author's little description of the first bit of real Horn weather they struck—

The swell ran hugely and the sight of the wind from the N.E. blowing up waves on the vast sides of the south-west swell, white caps on the blue sides to mottle them, was lovely. Then out on the jibboom a little over the lifting seas to watch them rush along her weather side nearly up to the rail, to flee astern, billow on billow, and to see the fleeing water of polished jade moving past the cut water as though the *Albatross* were eating up the seas. The feeling of elation this gave me is beyond reasoned description, and, like so many other things, alone was worth the voyage.



TWO CLEVER AMATEUR THESPIANS

The son and daughter of Mr. Leslie Thesiger, in a little sketch, "Gaffer Ha'Penny," at the Hexham Girl Guides and Boy Scouts Dance at Newcastle. Mr. Richard Thesiger played the "Gaffer," and his sister, Miss Patience Thesiger, "The Dispute Visitor"—a clever effort

A landsman's enthusiasm, doubtless, for real sailors hate big seas and a roaring roll, bowl, and pitch wind; but to a writer of imagination like Shaw Desmond these things were just the ones he went out to find. And then a real bad squall hits her.

A terrific squall which strikes the ship like a boxing-glove, launched by an arm of elastic, for her to rebound from the impact. . . . The ship goes over to put her lee-rail under for the first time this voyage, as I am later to discover, until I think she must go over. But I am quite unafraid, for the captain is above and the triple shrilling of the mate's whistle has gone for "All Hands."

A GRACEFUL FANTASTIC-TOER

Miss M. Alexander, of Hexham, gave a very pretty crinoline dance at the joint dance of the Hexham and District Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, held at Newcastle

mate's whistle has gone for "All Hands."

And then he tells us how the ship, owing to her foul condition, fails to answer her helm and comes up in the wind, and the skipper is afraid he is going to have all his canvas blown out of the bolt ropes—but he doesn't lose a single rag. It was night when they piped "All Hands," and it does not look as if there were no masts and sails sailor men left, for they got everything off her except the double-topsails on the foremast, main and mizzen, and the fore staysail and the foresail. There was a bad sea and it was blowing a full gale of wind. As I have just said, all this is written with a landsman's enthusiasm: sailors are not a bit het up to flights of poetic prose by this sort of thing. Your real matlow is all for comfort. It is just the same in the contrary direction,—a sailor is always far more enthusiastic about a horse than the hosiest man on foot, the footiest man on a horse, or even the real article, the performer, who rarely talks at all.

But it is not only when he is writing of the rough seas that Mr. Shaw Desmond carries his audience with him. How's this for a picture of what it is like sleeping on deck on a beautiful, warm, star-lit night?—

I awake every now and then to look up into the dark, starry firmament, and to glimpse the swing of the stars against the dim mast-heads, and the softly-billowing, bursting sails bosom on bosom above me. The soft lift of the ship; the gentle side swing of the hammock; the frush-frush of the bow wave; the lonely cry of a sea-bird; and the benison of the night air . . .

It is just like that even when it's only steam, and the throb of her engines just pats you back to sleep again. They make the voyage eastward from Vancouver to Durban—the easiest way, so the experts say, for, taking it the other way, they assert, is a thing no one in either windjammer or the best thing that floats propelled by steam ever willingly undertakes. In his preface, Mr. Shaw Desmond says he has taken this book rough-hewn from his log without submitting it to the subtle editing of a sailor. For this I, for one, thank him.

(Continued on p. viii)



SIR GEORGE MEYRICK, M.F.H., AND SIR GEORGE THURSBY, M.B.H.

At the joint 'chases of the New Forest Foxhounds, of which Sir George Meyrick is the Master, and the Buckhounds, of which Sir George Thursby is the Master. Sir George Thursby is the only gentleman rider who has ever been on a placed horse in the Derby, John o' Gaunt, 1904, and Picton, 1906. Only one other G.R. has ever ridden in the Derby. Little Bartley, the bootmaker



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BUBBLE and SQUEAK



Swaabe

WHO'S FOR A DIP?

Little Lord Ikerrin (in the bath), aided and abetted by Richard Brook Edwards, Lady Carrick's son by her former marriage. Lord Ikerrin was only born last year

AN American business man, not wealthy by American standards, was proposing marriage to a Hollywood film star. "If you marry me," he said, "I'll take out a life assurance policy for £100,000." "Well, that's very nice of you," said the girl coolly, "but supposing you don't die?"

A Chinese soldier, in the course of conversation with a British soldier at Shanghai, asked why the British almost always won their battles.

"Well, yer see," replied the Tommy, "before goin' inter action, we always pray."

The other retorted that the Chinese also prayed before a battle.

"Yus, but the point is, wot language do yer pray in?"

"In Chinese, of course."

"Well, that explains why yer don't win yer battles, don't it? 'Oo the 'ell understands Chinese?"

He was being tried for theft. "Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honour," replied the man in the dock.

The judge looked sternly at him. "Have you ever been arrested before?" he asked.

"No, your honour," came the reply, "I've never stole anything before."

Pat bought a dozen collars at a sale. He also bought a bottle of marking-ink; and marked one collar with his name, "Pat Murphy." He then marked the other collars, "Ditto."

Joan's mother was explaining to her the mysteries of bird migration. She described how the swallows and martins come from far-off lands in early summer, and return to the warmer climates when autumn comes.

Joan was thrilled. "Do all the birds go away?" she asked.

"No, dear," was the reply. "Only a few of them."

"Does the robin go?"

"No, the robin just gets himself a new waistcoat and stays."

There was a long pause, and then Joan said, thoughtfully: "I don't think that's right, Mummy. I've seen heaps of robins wearing red waistcoats, but never one with stays!"

He had just asked for the girl's hand. "So you love my daughter, eh?" asked her father.

"Love her!" echoed the lovesick swain. "I would jump off Nelson's Column for her, die for her, work to the bone for her, go through fire for her—"

The father stopped him. "Very good," he said. "But I can't consent to the marriage. I'm a pretty good liar, but one in the family is quite enough."

Mother came downstairs wearing a worried frown.

"My dear," she said anxiously to her husband, "don't you think we had better send for a doctor? Poor little John says he feels so bad."

Her husband smiled a little callously. "I don't suppose it's anything to worry about.

He's felt bad before this and soon got over it."

She shook her head. "Yes, dear, I know, but never at holiday time," she replied.

A little girl was describing her experiences as an attendant at a wedding.

"First of all, we went to church, and walked up to the front, where they gave away a ring, and Alice got it."



Lisa Ginsburg

FIRST LOVE

One of the nicest things that have ever been achieved in child photography, and it is the work of Miss Lisa Ginsburg, of Castle House, Broadstairs



THE BIRD-FANCIER

It is rather difficult to decide which is enjoying the entertainment most, the officer in the woolly suitings or the pidgees, who know a good thing when they see it

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KAYSER

AIR EDDIES * By OLIVER STEWART

Schools and Schools.

SCHOOLS, looked at from a carping and un-Old-Boyish angle, are a kind of penance prepense; an advance instalment of punishment, on the principle that boys are born bad, that they will misbehave if they possibly can, and that therefore a favourable balance of hard labour should be built up at the earliest moment. The old have a grievance against the young, and they revenge themselves before the young can retaliate effectively. But the schools of after life, among which are the flying schools, are very different. At the ordinary school the young are taught that books stand for boredom, and open fields for barked shins and hacked ankles. The schoolboy's life is a curious compound of writings and wrongs, sports and torts, beatings and blubberings. The adolescent mind is forcibly deflected from those things which interest it to things which are uncongenial to it, and the schoolboy's curiosity, since it tends



CAPTAIN G. DE HAVILLAND:
THE MOTH'S FATHER

To Captain De Havilland's genius was due the first practical light plane, the D. H. Moth, and he has done more to influence the development of this class than any other living designer. He is himself, as probably everyone knows, a highly skilful practising pilot

An outstanding example of the best instructional methods is the Brooklands School of Flying. Here the pupil can take his lessons at any time when there is daylight and the weather conditions are suitable. With the Brooklands instructors there are no fixed hours of rest—sometimes it seems that there are no hours of rest at all. Pupils who can only get to the aerodrome at an unearthly hour in the morning are accommodated, as well as those who can only get there late in the evening. And the instructional staff must be unique in its combined experience. Captain Davis himself sets the pace. He lives in, and for, flying; it is his recreation as well as his work, and for that reason, perhaps more than any other, he inspires all those who go to him for instruction with an almost fanatic confidence. He has time for everything, from the smallest detail of the school's organisation to actual flying instruction. With him are three other instructors, all men of vast experience, all possessing the kind of psychological make-up that is essential to the successful teacher.

The aerodrome itself, although with the wind in certain directions it does not give a large margin for the take-off run of a heavily loaded aircraft, is excellent for light aeroplanes. Moreover, being a private aerodrome, it is never

always to run in inconvenient physiological channels, is suppressed. Inhibitions are implanted, often so deeply that they last a lifetime and pave the way for an irreproachable existence. The school is active and aggressive; the pupil passive and submissive. But the order is reversed at the flying schools.

Flying schools are made for the pupils and not the pupils for the schools. In the best ones it is the pupil who calls the tune, and everything is done to suit his convenience and to encourage him to learn according to his natural bent. Instructors can judge character in a remarkably accurate way, and they take pains to suit their instructional methods to the individual. There is no suppression of curiosity here; but everything about flying that interests the pupil is explained to him with care. The aim is to take the individual and to teach him to fly in the way that suits him best. The method of trying to force him into a ready-made mould has been abandoned.

Brooklands.

overcrowded, and the race track round it gives it an added attraction for those who interest themselves in motor-cars. The new aerodrome building is particularly good, the lounge and dining-room giving a view right across the aerodrome. In all, Brooklands is the kind of school where the keenest pleasure is to be had, and where, this summer, many people will be flying and learning to fly.

Air Contests.

It is at the Brooklands flying meeting on the 27th and 28th May, by the way, that the *The Tatler Concours d'Elégance* for closed cabin aircraft is to be held. A valuable prize is being given by *The Tatler* to the winner, and I hear that some particularly striking colour schemes will be seen applied to some Puss Moths entered for the *Concours*. At this meeting also there will probably be a race round pylons in the manner of the old Hendon meetings. This kind of racing is by far the most spectacular kind, and vies with motor-car racing in its appeal to the public. But it has not been done much lately, because of the risks to the competitors. In order to reduce these risks at Brooklands, the competitors for this race will probably be limited to three or four. Entries for the Cross-Country Air Race, which is to be held at Heston Airport on the 21st May, are still coming in as I write, but rather more slowly. The closing date at normal fee is the end of this month. Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman is one entrant who will be regarded as a likely winner. He is one of the most skilful cross-country pilots in the country. Four or five women have entered, among them Lady Bailey and Miss Winifred Spooner. Miss Rosalind Norman, who did the flying pictures in the double number of *The Tatler*, is making a sporting effort to obtain her licence in time for the race and to take part in it. She would then receive the full time-allowance.



MISS KATHERINE SUI FUN
CHEUNG: IN LOS ANGELES

This lady is stated to be the first Chinese girl to get a flier's licence in the U.S.A. Miss Sui Fun Cheung went to the Los Angeles Conservatoire of Music in 1926, and after graduating she took to the other kind of "air."



COMING OVER!

Mr. F. S. Symondson and another watching the evolutions of a Fairey Firefly from Heston Airport. Mr. Symondson is one of the few private aeroplane owners who has his own special aerodrome at Colyton, Devon. He was a Camel pilot during the war

W.R.A.F. Reunion.

The Women's Royal Air Force reunion dinner drew a record number of members. Sir Geoffrey Salmond was the guest of honour, and gave an interesting account of the work of the Royal Air Force. Mr. Jones, of the History, described some incidents of the air war of 1914 which were authentic and amusing. Dame Helen Vaughan presided.

HAIR FAR MORE THAN LOVELY TO BEHOLD



Fragrances:
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PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

Road and Rail.

LIFE is full of surprises and anomalies—and practical common sense. Within the space of an hour or so I recently encountered two pilgrims and, quite by chance, in each case we got to yapping about the railways and the roads and the jolly little scrap that they have begun in order to entertain us. The first derives much of a decreasing income from railway stock, yet frankly confessed that he was a motor-coach fan and travelled by this mode of conveyance whenever possible. The other is a partner in a road-transport enterprise. And he almost flooded me by cheerfully granting that the railways had a "case" which was deserving of consideration. This sort of thing happens very seldom. And to judge from the literature which has been got out by the belligerents you would never imagine that it could ever happen at all, for neither side admits that the other has got any good in it at all. Even I, in my humble capacity of a commentator, have been mildly spanked because, being essentially a motor-man—which is to say a road-man—I did not enthusiastically embrace some of the road arguments. The truth is, this intensely important clash is not so much between road and rail as between imported foreign oil fuel and jolly old British coal. That is a fact from which there is no getting away and it is quite worth thinking about. To-day the bicycle, horse, and the loco (neglecting a few tractors) are the only things that consume home-produced fuel. Even the Navy that guards the lines of communication of the oil-wells in which we have a national interest does not live by British coal any more than does the Air Force which patrols the long pipe. These are the sort of things about which we are apt to forget far too easily, for I daresay we shall have to wait a fairish time before hydrogenation plants keep our collieries busy in supplying our domestic demands for motor spirit, fuel oil, and lubricants. In the meantime I have rather an uneasy feeling that the private motorist, the coach proprietor, and the lorry exploiter are rather



"NOW THEN, CHIEF—STOP SHOVIN'"

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



IN "LILY CHRISTINE": CORINNE GRIFFITH, COLIN CLIVE,
AND "US"

This film is British-made, and is a Michael Arlen one. Its birth-place is the Paramount Studio at Elstree, which is about as up to date as anything Hollywood has to show the world. British-made films are forging ahead very rapidly

a curious lot of comrades in arms. As one of the first (and not a stock-holder) I have no quarrel whatsoever with the railways. The more they develop, the freer will be the roads for which I have to pay proportionately and extortionately. They cannot do me a particle of harm; and why I should help to fight them I cannot see. Nor am I at enmity with the coach, it is the poor-man's motor-car, and he has just as much right to enjoy the highway as I have, always providing that, indirectly, he pays a suitable contribution towards its upkeep. At present I do not think he does so; nor does the bus user. I noted with some interest that one of the pleas put forward by the heavy motor brigade was that taxation alone cost them an excessive number of passenger fares. That struck me as exceedingly weak. It is tantamount to the price-cutter grumbling that he has to sell so many more articles in order to pay his rent. Let him put his figures up a trifle, and he may be better off. But why I, as just an ordinary car-owner, should be expected to back the cause of the lumbering road-smashing lorry, I cannot see. The only sentimental link I have with it is slender enough, namely that it generally uses an internal combustion engine. Otherwise, it is perfectly obvious to me that it is continued in existence only by reason of the enormous national subsidy which it gets in the form of specialized road construction, and which it is the lorry's amiable duty to crack up in the shortest possible time. With the "economics" of this situation I will not inflict you—there are no "economics," for it is squandering a national riot. It is a repetition of the vicious circle of the shell and the armour-plate; the shell, that is the destructive agent, will always be ahead, and the highway that industrial motor transport cannot bust up is inconceivable. By the way, whilst on this subject of the heavies, I just lately got quite a shock. In four out-and-home journeys from London to Thanet, using the main road all the way, I saw a total of less than a dozen coaches—on one occasion, a Saturday afternoon mark you, none whatever. Looks as though the Traffic Commissioners had been pretty busy with the blue pencil; yet they can scarcely have overdone the thinning-out process, for most of the coaches I met or passed (I mean, tried to pass) were by no means crowded. May have been the weather, of course, and I will grant that it was not at its best. But hang it all, the last time I went down this turn-pike the coaches were so thick that I seriously entertained the idea of working my return way along the coast to Brighton, so as to be comparatively free of traffic.

Good Action.

Most of us have a hearty dislike to the multiplication of irritating little laws and regulations that the normal man is pretty bound to break in some sort every time he crosses his

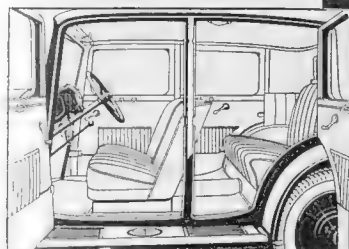
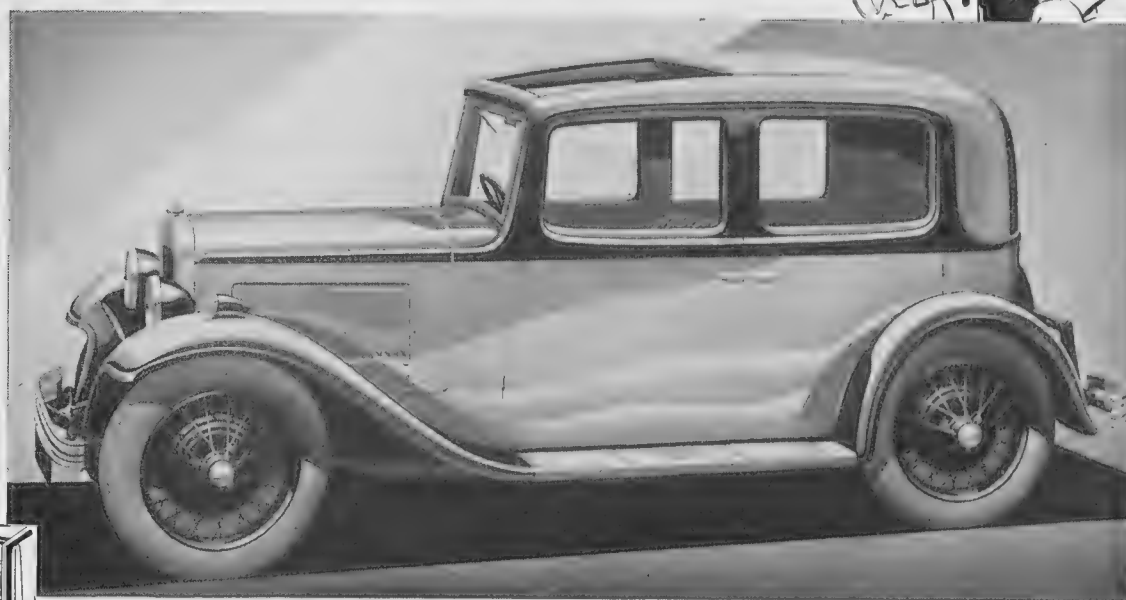
(Continued on p. xviii)

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NEWS
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SEE THE MAY AUSTIN MAGAZINE
FOR FULL DESCRIPTION.

**True to the Austin tradition—
Outstanding Dependability**

Here is the new Austin 'Ten-Four'—not an overgrown 'baby' nor a scaled-down model—but an entirely new car, a family four taxed at £10, that takes its place in the Austin range between the world-renowned Seven and the famous Twelve-Six.

Tested with exacting thoroughness, it has nothing experimental in its 'make-up.' It is as dependable as Austin, builders of dependable cars, can make it. From this illustration you can see the pleasing appearance of the Austin 'Ten-Four,' with its four exceptionally wide

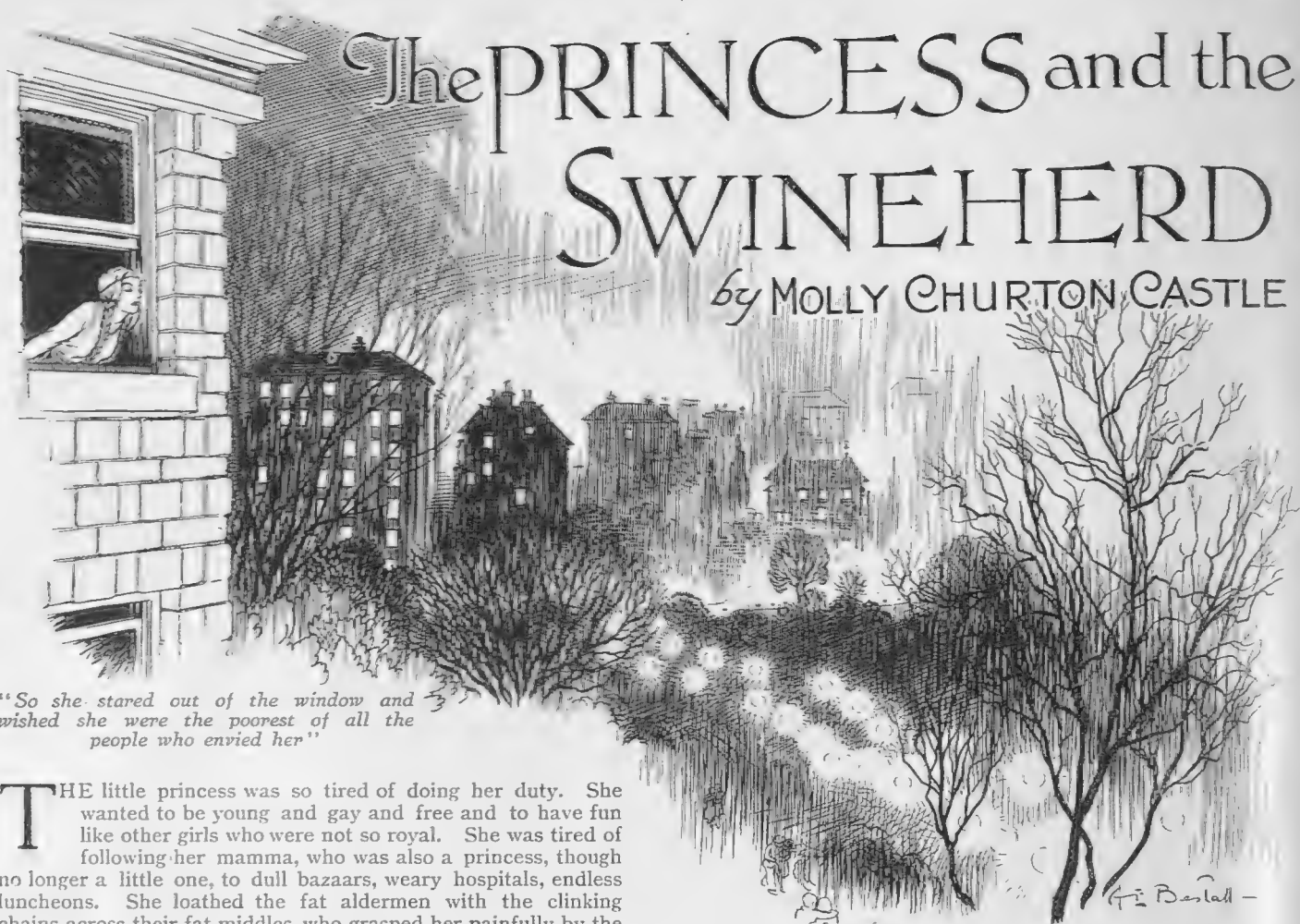
doors that allow easy entrance to all seats. The special dropped-frame gives a low floor level, more than usual head-room, and plenty of leg-room without the need for floor-wells. With complete equipment, including sunshine roof and bumpers the car weighs only 15½ cwt. Its four-speed Twin-Top gearbox makes gear-changing extremely easy, and lubrication points are so few that the owner himself can attend to them. Call round at the nearest Austin dealer for full particulars.

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AUSTIN



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THE little princess was so tired of doing her duty. She wanted to be young and gay and free and to have fun like other girls who were not so royal. She was tired of following her mamma, who was also a princess, though no longer a little one, to dull bazaars, weary hospitals, endless luncheons. She loathed the fat aldermen with the clinking chains across their fat middles, who grasped her painfully by the elbow and hustled her along to look at things she didn't want to see. She could have cried with fatigue at the interminable speeches, the pretty speeches, the long, clattery stone corridors, the heavy bouquets of flowers. She was sorry for the poor, thirsty flowers with their card-board collars and their wire necks. Sad flowers, they'd have looked so much happier growing in their gardens.

So she stared out of the window and wished she were the poorest of all the people who envied her. They thought, the poor, misguided fools, that her life was one long glamorous romance. It sounded like that a little when they read about it in their newspapers.

Her window was high up at the top of the house (it was not even a palace) and down below her she could see shadowy black trees in the park, with a smooth river of lights twisting through them. Lights, big white glary lights and little intimate red ones, slid easily along the river and curved round at the end out of sight.

She wished that she were down below, under the trees. She wished that she were with a big, tall soldier in a red uniform; a common soldier who loved her.

Even in fairy stories princesses were allowed to marry swineherds, whereas nowadays they were foisted off on to some foreign princeling who could hardly even speak their language and probably smelt of garlic. A pity, for the hair of the little princess was quite sufficiently golden and her eyes of the best shade of blue for a fairy tale. She was, in fact, quite beautiful enough to have been a shop girl or a débutante; she need not have been half so lovely to have satisfied her public. She was seventeen years old and nine months. Which is, of course, quite grown up.

Presently it was time to go down to the drawing-room and visit her mamma. She allowed herself to be tidied and she washed her hands herself. They had been more comfortable dirty, though.

The older princess was a very dignified person. Elegant was a word frequently used to describe her by the Press. She had a figure which could hardly have been natural but was, hair which appeared to be natural but wasn't. She powdered her nose, but the rest of her face was quite naked. Many chains jangled on her solid bosom.

"Well, Catherine," she looked up and the little princess kissed her dutifully but without affection. Affection was not

encouraged by her mamma, who, if she had ever had human feelings, had long since suppressed them.

"Perhaps," thought the little princess, "mamma was once young, like me."

It was a fantastic thought.

"Pay attention, Catherine."

"Yes, mamma?"

"To-morrow we leave the house at 12.30 o'clock to take luncheon with the Mayor of Dunkleberry. See that you are punctual. Last time you were nearly three minutes late."

"No!" burst from the little princess unexpectedly.

"What can you mean, my child?" asked her royal highness. She looked at her daughter through long-handled lorgnettes.

"I'm not going," answered Catherine faintly. But even as she said it her voice lost conviction. She would go; it was inevitable.

The elder princess gave her a keen glance without the lorgnettes, but she made no comment. She knew her power.

"And afterwards," she continued smoothly, "we shall open the new swimming bath."

Oh well, a swimming bath; that was not so bad. Perhaps there would be an exhibition of diving. Slim bodies would cut cleanly through the air and slide swishingly into the water. Cool, green water, with little echoes round it.

"Very well, Mamma," she agreed submissively.

It was a very large luncheon, and Catherine was the youngest by thirty-three years. It was hardly worth while talking, so she told herself a story instead. It was a very beautiful story about a beggar maid who didn't even have to marry a prince. Afterwards the aldermen who had sat one on each side of her remarked, wiping their foreheads, that she might be beautiful, but, my God, she was dumb.

Something happened at the swimming pool. One of the fatter aldermen slipped on the wet side of the bath and sat down with a plonk. Catherine looked up and smiled, a very secret little smile. She shared it with just one other person. And he was a young reporter. They both wished so much that the alderman had fallen right into the bath.

The reporter was very young indeed, though not so young as the princess. He had got on to his paper through influence. He had not very long come down from Oxford, and he was so used to writing beautiful clear prose that he was extremely little

(Continued on p. xiv)

★ *It is a delicate thing, Madam,* to say that Pearls will add to your appearance yet what other conclusion is possible from the history of the beautiful women who have worn them and from contemplating a beautiful woman who wears them now? Surely never a toilette was so complete but that it could be enhanced with one or two rows of Pearls, but remember there are only two kinds of pearls that a woman can wear without blushing for their origin — real Pearls and *Ciro Pearls* — they are alike as two rain-drops on the window-pane.

MISS IRIS BROWN

*Like so many beautiful women
of the stage and society
adds the finishing
touch of beauty
by wearing*

Ciro Pearls



There are *Ciro Pearl Necklets* to suit every toilette and personality. Necklets of two and three strands of pearls are now ultra-fashionable, and you cannot choose amiss if it is one of the new *Ciro Necklaces* enriched with a delicately wrought diamond motif. *Ciro's* crowning gift is this—you can wear any of these lovely *Ciro Jewels* at home, compare it with real, and see in your mirror if it does not give the final touch of chic to your day or evening gowns. Write for the *Ciro Catalogues* and details of unique offer. *There is no obligation to purchase.* The famous *Ciro Pearl Necklet* with platinum or gold clasp still costs only a guinea.

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CASUALTY

EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Hedme

CHRISTOLOGICAL order be observed! In Miss Diana Fishwick will do a 66 on the first day of the Ranelagh International meeting, Miss Rudgard and Miss Winn back her up with a 68 apiece, and Mrs. Alce Gold with a 69, so that England had all four scores under 70—if these amazing things can happen who cares what else may have preceded them? Happen they did, making Ranelagh 1932 Edition unique in more ways than one. Another innovation was also delightful, the veil of secrecy hitherto drawn over scores was drawn aside so that players, public, and Press alike knew what was going on and rejoiced exceedingly. A third was less pleasant; the straw hat and the new coat and skirt custom had gone. Of course the straw hat of the moment is not apt to balance kindly on the golfing head, but in the old days it would have been donned once the round was over. Economy seems the real reason—and the gloom of the weather. Miss Fishwick had a new scarf, and that was about as far as anybody went.

Harry Twine, the professional at Ashford Manor, has already started teaching his three-year-old son how to play golf, and judging from these photographs, is finding him a very apt pupil.

species of goose, alleged to have come from Honolulu, and the swan sitting so peacefully on her nest on the 16th pond ran far less risk of decapitation than in some previous years.

Perhaps the real truth of the matter is that women's golf is getting astonishingly good. No Miss Wethered, Miss M. or Miss Wilson, and still four scores under 70! And in the playing memory it was considered good to have all four scores under 80. There is no doubt about it, Miss Fishwick is better than ever. No longer can anybody accuse her of playing safety shot exactly alike, and to variety of shot she has added brain work and yet more pluck and determination. The round was not all plain sailing. Going out she picked up a stroke of par with a 2 at the 6th, but there were several holes in both sides where a chip and one putt had to come to the rescue. But 32 out, 34 in, was her card, the only slip a four at the 15th. The world was so busy talking of that 66, and hearing how Mrs. Alce Gold had actually gone out in one less, come home rather more like an ordinary mortal, absent-mindedly torn up her card and been allowed to piece it together again, that they had hardly time to consider Miss Rudgard or Miss Winn's fine 68's, nor the excellent 70 from Miss Helen Nimmo from St. Rule.

She had never seen Ranelagh till the day before, and showed that long hitting can be an asset there as well as the other side of the border, for she headed Scotland with a really good card. At 65 met she and Mrs. T. A. Torrance, wife of the Walker Cup player, tied for first handicap place, and there were twelve more met returns under 70.

The other startling news of the week has been Mrs. Alan Macbeth's win of the Cheshire Championship. For a good many years Mrs. Clement has been the outstanding figure of golf in that county, and when she qualified first, this year, it looked as if history would repeat itself. Up, however, bobbed Mrs. Macbeth, proud mother of the now two-year-old Ailsa, proceeded through to the final, and there beat Mrs. Clement herself by 3 and 2, exactly the same defeat that Mrs. Clement had given in the semi-final to Mrs. Temple Dobell. Who suggested that the Open champions of 1913 and 1912 had had their day? There may be more medals in store for at least one of them at Saunton.

Talking of medals, the L.G.U. Gold handicap one was played for at Fairhaven, and for once a southerner dared to walk off with the booty from under the very nose of the northerners on their own land. Mrs. Edlin, from the Dyke L.G.C. Brighton, won the Gold Medal, the Handicap Challenge Bowl, and the Barmehurst Scratch Challenge Bracelet, with 86-10=76, a very excellent performance, for Fairhaven is a stern test of golf.

So, say what some will, is Camberley Heath. There were some excellent pairs in for the Scratch Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes, yet one heard no talk of out in the early thirties, or in either, as one does in the Worpleston Foursomes as a common occurrence. Granted that Worpleston entries exceed Camberley in both quality and quantity, that little fact seems to show that Camberley is no easy course.

(Continued on p. 333)



Hayling v. Lipbook: Left to right—Mr. L. R. Patey, Mr. H. Stubbs, Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. M. Clark, semi-finalists in the Camberley Heath inter-club scratch mixed foursomes. Mr. Patey and Mrs. Clark (Hayling) were runners-up to the winners, Mr. R. V. K. Finlay and Mrs. Alec Johnston (St. George's Hill)

Not that it rained, but such bare boughs have never before looked down on the players. The little birds therein sang gallantly in an attempt to keep up an illusion of spring; one player even declared that a portion of eggshell was adhering, amongst the mud, to her ball when lifted for wiping purposes on the 11th green. Be that as it may, it was winter, not spring, and players could only be thankful that there was hardly any waiting between shots because there were so comparatively few of them this year. Perhaps that was one reason for all the 60's. Bandstands and such like seem to loom less large if you need not look at them for an undue length of time, and the new

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for **TATTERSALL'S**

WIMBLEDON

and **SANDWICH!**



004



003

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001



002

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The Highway of Fashion

by M.E. Brooke



Light summer clothes have not appeared at the fashionable rendezvous, the piercing east and other winds are doubtless responsible for this. Lunching at the Ritz I saw Lady Lavery in a very modern version of the picture frock; it was expressed in violet silk, the skirt decorated with three full flounces, the scheme being completed with a fitting short velvet coat and a small hat. Miss Anny Ahlers, who is staying at the Carlton and playing in "The Dubarry," has glorious hair that looks lovely with green; she sometimes wears a suit of this colour with hat en suite. Mrs. Peter Horlick recently wore at the races a pale pink rough tweed coat and skirt with stockings of the same shade, black court shoes and white gloves. Her double fox stole was crossed at the back, while her open work crocheted cap matched her suit. Lady Craig likes the ensemble with a long coat; she was recently seen in a rather dark beige affair; the corsage portion of the frock was cut on diagonal lines and finished with rust-coloured silk piqué tabs; there was a belt and line of buttons from waist to hem. The coat was innocent of sleeves but had epaulette arrangements on the shoulders. Lady Cecil's ensemble of rust brown fabriola had beige revers and scarf; the cardigan, cut on slimming lines, was sleeveless

Models. Treasure Cot

Simple fashions for children prevail in the Treasure Cot Salons, 103, Oxford Street; it is there that the printed cotton washing frock on the left may be seen; the collar is white and so is the piping; 28 in. long, accompanied with knickers, it is 9s. 6d. The hats portrayed are of natural straw trimmed with ribbon. Furthermore there is an infinite variety of smocks with knickers and bonnets to match at exceptionally moderate prices. Neither must the nightdress cases decorated with appliquéd animals be overlooked, and there are pyjama cases of a similar genre as well as soiled linen bags



PICTURES BY Blake

BRIMS *or* BERETS



Graceful broad-brimmed hat of Ballibuntal straw trimmed with two shades of Petersham ribbon. In black, navy, brown, beige and several other popular colours.

39/6



Becoming shape of fancy straw, trimmed with feather mount in black, navy, brown, beige, red, green, blue and white.

21/9

New sports Beret of felt. In white as sketched, or black, navy, brown, beige, red and green.

21/=



Small trim brims, large picture brims, or a small felt Beret? Whichever suits you is smart this Spring! Come to Marshall & Snelgrove's and take your choice of many beautiful hats at these inexpensive prices.

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FOR THE LONDON SEASON



BÉRET OF EMBROIDERED TULLE WITH VEIL



RIBBON TRIMS THIS CELLAMAT HAT



TIMBO MAKES THE HAT AND TAFFETA THE RIBBON



A STUDY IN WHITE AND OXFORD
AND CAMBRIDGE BLUE

These altogether charming hats may be seen in the Bradley Salons, Chepstow Place. They will most assuredly identify themselves with the London season, as there is something for every social function. They were posed by Miss Zoe Palmer, the well-known actress, who is now engaged on film work

Models, Bradley



FLOWERS APPEAR BENEATH THE BRIM OF THIS HAT

Every type of woman
can wear

V
I
Y
E
L
L
A



Rega

SAYS PETER RUSSELL
*the famous London
Dress Designer*



London's famous dress designer, Peter Russell, says: "The colours and designs in 'Viyella' are charming. Every type of woman can wear them, from the business girl to the woman of fashion.

It is splendid for the simple, well tailored dresses that all well dressed women wear and buy. With their moderate prices, 'Viyella'

fashion fabrics should have great success." Squared-up shoulders, that make the hips look slim, and the new 'glove sleeves' are features of this Peter Russell model. In nigger brown and stone checked 'Viyella,' plain 'Viyella,' trimmed with chromium buttons. 'Viyella' washes and does not shrink. 31" wide 4/11 a yard.

★ A W I L L I A M H O L L I N S F A B R I C ★

William Hollins & Co. Ltd., Castle Boulevard Nottingham

The Highway

TWO new series of hats that know no season at Revillon Frères, 140, Regent Street, including the distinctive mole-skin bolero purchased on the night of 10 guineas. On the left is a white coat composed of a ventral fabric with a diagonal weave; it is reinforced with a rubber collar and is destined to be seen in conjunction with one of the firm's "Bulls' eye" skirts; they represent the acme of smartness and are available for 5½ guineas. When it is quite as unusual as it is attractive to find a head in which two different furs are very cleverly blended.



of Fashion

—continued

REALIZING the importance of the pull-over occupies in the World of Dress to-day, Revillon Frères are making a feature of them; they are of Parisian inspiration and are made in their own workrooms. Standing out with prominence is one of white silk crepe showing a shell design; there is a neat turn-over collar, puff sleeves, and crystal buttons. A study in beige and red is another carried out in wool; the sleeves from wrists to elbows are of the latter shade and are attached with red laces and so is the collar. It is arranged with a becoming up-standing crocheted frill.



A hat needs a scarf, and one that is different, so Gouch's, Knightsbridge, have added this novel affair to the blue crepe piqué hat trimmed with white. It is very decorative and becoming.

Never have prices been so important, therefore no apology is necessary for stating that the scarf and hat on the left are four and a half guineas, and the model on the right three and a half guineas. Gouch's are specializing in wearing hats with scarves for 22.11d., or in stockinette, 21s.; there are over forty lovely shades.



An important feature of the black peacock crown hat, of which two views are given, is the crown of massed flowers.

FOR THE LONDON SEASON

Interesting Frocks by Debenham's

An Expression of

The Mode in Lace

An Attractive

Gown in Georgette



10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gns.

Evening gown for the London season expressed in the indispensable black new dull tone lace. The arrangement of the frills is on one side only, and a cape décolleté back is an original feature. Also in white and a few colours.



Toned by Miss Jeanne Stuart.

Perfectly cut evening gown in georgette, modelled on long graceful lines; the simple bodice has an original knotted scarf finished fold of contrasting colours of black, white, emerald green, etc. In black and a few colours.

8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gns.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

(Debenham's Ltd.)

Polo Notes—continued from p. 148

fight. These facts do not need stating in big coloured letters on posters. Everyone knows them by now, and it would be a good thing if they omitted to forget to remember them. Sobang the drum and blow the brass and silver trumpets in the new moon, or the old, and keep on doing it. The prospects of the polo season, as a matter of fact, seem remarkably good, considering the difficult times. There may be fewer low handicap men playing, but the majority of the good players certainly mean to turn out again, and, given decent weather, the powers that be are looking forward to a good season. The teams are not yet all completed, but among them will be: Osmaston (Ian Walker, Pat Roark, Prior-Palmer, and Jack Harrison); Someries House (Werner, Desmond Miller, Walford, and Cooke); Los Piratos (Portago, Major, Villabragima, and Tyrrell Martin). Madlener will run a team again but the names are not yet known, and among others of the high handicap men who will be playing are—Vivian Lockett, J. C. Campbell, Dudley Norton, etc. Stabling charges have been reduced considerably at the London clubs to help the players.

It is nevertheless a wise move on the part of Polo G.H.C. to let it be known thus early on that the present intention is not to think of challenging again for that International Cup till 1934, instead of trying to have a go in 1933 which, in the ordinary course of events, was the year when the next challenge was due, for in spite of our American cousins being supposed to have most of the world's gold packed away somewhere, I should not be surprised to be told that they are just as pleased as not to have a bit more time to recover from the thing called *La Crise Mondiale*, as are most of the other people in the world.



SIR ROBERT AND LADY BLACK AND (centre) LADY MOUNT

At the recent South Berks Point-to-Point. Sir Robert Black's seat is Midgham Park, Reading, and he succeeded to the baronetcy in 1925. Lady Mount is the wife of Sir William Mount, Bart., whose house is Wasing Place, near Reading

The 1st Battalion R.B. polo team, winners of this year's Infantry Tournament, at Bareilly, India, have now done it twice during their present service in India, and so have brought the tally of Rifle Brigade victories in that Cup to seven (2nd R.B. three times, 3rd R.B. twice, and 1st R.B. twice). In this year's Subalterns' Cup they were only knocked out by a goal by the eventual winners, the Xth Hussars, and this in a way was a repetition of the history of a really fine fight in the Inter-Regimental of 1911 at Meerut. It was at the time when the Xth were at the top of their form—six Inter-Regimentals straight off the reel—and for an infantry regiment to stretch their girths as the 2nd R.B. did made people gape a bit. I saw this match; it was a great scrap, and the decision was only reached after extra time was played, and the R.B. were very unlucky to lose. One of their shots hit the goal post plumb and just rolled the wrong side, and poor little "Sparrow" Scott, their No. 2, took a proper bumper at a critical moment, and that did not do him much good. The 2nd R.B. team at that time was Captain C. E. Harrison, Mr. H. V. Scott, Mr. H. G. M. Railston, and Mr. A. A. Tod; their ranks as they were then are given. Only two of that team survive: Lieut.-Colonel Archie Tod now commanding 2nd R.B., and Lieut.-Colonel H. G. M. Pleydell-Railston. The Xth's team was Captain the Hon. A. Annesley, Captain W. O. Gibbs, Mr. E. W. E. Palmes, and Mr. W. L. Palmer—the ranks of that time again are given. Captain Annesley, the elder brother of the present Lord Valentia, was killed in action in the European War, and Mr. Palmes was badly wounded. The rest of that team, I believe, survives. In the final of that year the Xth beat the K.D.G.'s, who had Leslie Choape as their No. 3—7 to 3. It was a pretty good show, therefore, the 2nd R.B. giving the Xth such a bad doing, and lots of us thought that they were the better team on the day.

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£37 10 0

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Sapphires. £30 0 0
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These Rings are mounted in Pure Platinum Settings, and the illustrations represent their actual size. A Catalogue of Rings and Jewels will be sent upon request.

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2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Cream 3/-, Com-
plexion Powder 1/9, Compact 2/-, Lipstick 2/-, Bath Salts
2/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, Talcum Powder 1/2, etc., etc.

YARDLEY HOUSE • 33 OLD BOND STREET • LONDON

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 161)

At a moment such as the present one, it is comforting to find anyone who is bent upon trying to cheer us up and induce us to cease harbouring the quite silly idea that anything is gained by keeping our tails down. Major Hugh Pollard's amusing little effort, "Hard Up On Pegasus," has been on my book-shelf for far longer than it ought to have been, but only because it has been difficult to find the necessary room for book reviews in these notes which are not concerned primarily with that particular feature of this paper. This book is published by our and my friends, Eyre and Spottiswoode, Mr. P. V. Cave being the actual "valet," and that is a guarantee that it is sent out into the world properly dressed and with its hair parted in the right way, and its boots well boned and polished. It is illustrated by another friend of mine, Gilbert Holiday, and very well done at that. The author, unhappily, I have not met, but I shake him by the hand for having given us these amusing lucubrations on horses, men, and even the modern hunting and riding girl. They say that two of a trade never agree; but I beg to differ. This book collects for us such a lot of people whom anyone who lives in the world with his eyes open has met many a time, and I thank my unknown friend for having corralled them for us. The chapter about the mounted gymkhana, or extremely dangerous sports, is in itself enough to make this book worth while, and the gipsy dealer is also a person some of us have met. I gather Major Pollard has yet to try to buy a horse in Ireland, and that he had not heard how the Phenicians of old tried to make a living horse-dealing in the Shetlands—and failed! The Scots were many too many for them. It was these persevering Semitic gentlemen, of course, who first imported the Sheltie—an Eastern



J. R. V. Johnson
MAJOR D. ST. G. DALY, M.P.H., AND
MRS. PHIPPS-HORNEY

At the Heythrop Point-to-Point, which was run over Shoorell Farm, about three miles from Chipping Norton. Major Daly, whose popularity is prodigious, is the senior Master of the Heythrop. His "Minor" won the Members' Light Weight, beating a blazing hot favourite in "Starboard Tack."

breed—but they failed to make any money at it, if history or tradition is in any way reliable. The chapter on "Potted History"—in regard to the cavalry horses through the ages—is also interesting.

* * *

The more of this sort of book we get the better, for we want things that make us laugh and help us to escape from our troubles. We get so much of the other kind of stuff—complicated sex problems, dull creatures who live in dull places, and bores who want nothing but the chance to hear their own voices. What is wanted is the thing that will make us gurggle with glee. Major Pollard does not, however, confine himself to the light side of things, for he devotes quite a definite part of his effort to the serious side, and in the chapter, "A Point of View," has said something for us to the anti-sport cranks, for which many of us are grateful. I have said something very like it myself many times, and so am glad to find someone else chiming in. Major Pollard refers to the lady who wears a trapped fox fur, and then gets on a platform and says: "Aah don't understand how people can hear these poor chreechers! It seems to me so cruel." Our author, who I gather is not over fond of the Stage, says, and he is right. "Now these steam-heated people are predominantly in-door folk. . . . Sport, being the opposite of their own pleasures, has attracted their hostility. . . . Their view on field sports is deliberately anti-social and aimed at the destruction of tradition. It is an attitude which, if persisted in, must automatically invoke social reprisal, and the address of the British Field Sports Society is St. Stephen's House, Westminster."

I do not know how many of these people are out hunting for Major Pollard's scalp, but I am sure that he does not care. It is about time that the fighting was not confined only to the one side.

—AND THEY WONT BE HOME
TILL MORNING



Wherever an Englishman Travels—whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A".

Despite their diverse interests Craven "A" smokers are in entire agreement when writing us in praise of their favourite cigarette... it is "continuous satisfaction" they stress. Packet after packet—day after day—they find the same coolness, the same smoothness, the same fine flavour and condition.

Craven "A" never vary. Always, anywhere, you will meet in them just those characteristics you would expect to be the result of making pure, mature, Virginia cigarettes under ideal conditions. Carreras test and adopt every advance of Science for making cigarettes purer and finer: Craven "A" are unvaryingly good cigarettes—innocent of adulteration of any kind.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against all variations of climate by the "Tru-Vac" hermetically sealed circular Tin and by the dry-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every Packet and flat Tin. Try Craven "A" and mark well the tone and flavour of these unfailingly FRESH cigarettes.



Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.



Twenty 1/-
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There are also
CRAVEN NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A".

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. A. A. MILNE AND HIS NIECE

Mr. A. A. Milne, the well-known author, gave his niece away at her wedding on April 8 to Mr. T. M. Murray-Rust. The bride was formerly Miss Marjorie Milne, the elder daughter of the late Mr. K. J. Milne, C.B.E., of Shepton Mallet, Somerset, and of Mrs. Milne of 7, Gledhow Gardens, S.W.



Hay Wrickson

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KIDWELL

Who were married on March 17. Mr. Charles Kidwell, Cheshire Regiment, is the only son of Mr. W. G. Kidwell of Newton Ferrers, Devonshire, and his wife was formerly Miss Rosemary Russell-Roberts, and is the only daughter of Mr. Fred Russell-Roberts and of the late Mrs. Russell-Roberts

Marrying Abroad.

Some time in July Mr. James Elder Cumming, the second son of the late Rev. J. B. Cumming and Mrs. Cumming of Dullanbrae, Dufftown, and Miss Alexa Cowie, the younger daughter of Mr. A. M. Cowie and the late Mrs. Cowie of Glenrinnes, Dufftown, are being married in Madras; in the same month the marriage will take place at Salisbury Cathedral, S. Rhodesia, between Mr. Frank Walters Greville and Mrs. Frances Mary Chambers, the widow of Dr. Herbert W. Chambers of London and Worthing.

In June and July.

Mr. Ronald Leschallas and Miss Vere Marsham are being married at All Saints' Church, Maidstone, on June 7;

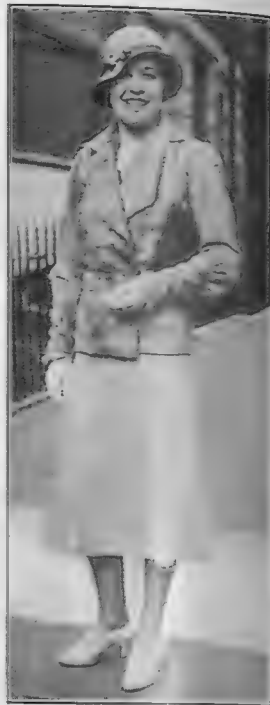
on July 1 Dr. Geoffrey William Rake of the Rockefeller Institute, New York, marries Miss Orpha McNutt; a quiet wedding in July is that arranged between Lieutenant-Commander Miles Cursham, H.M.S. *Courageous*, and Miss Margaret Showers; and early in July Mr. Arthur Milne MacIver marries Miss Margaret Willoughby Moon.

Next Month.

On May 14 Mr. Anthony Ward, the son of the late Mr. Justice Ward of Johannesburg, South Africa, and Mrs. Ward of 34, Montpelier Square, S.W.; and Miss Muriel Howell, the elder daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Howell of Little Wenlock Rectory, Wellington, Shropshire; are being married at Little Wenlock.

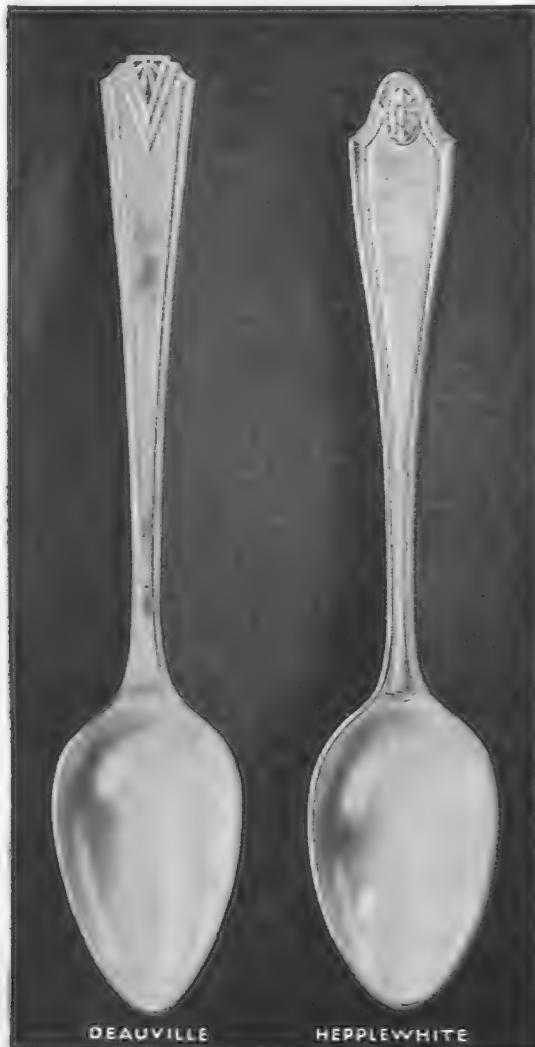
Recently Engaged.

Captain Henry Edward Hugh Blake-ney, M.C., late the Royal Sussex Regiment, the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weare Blakeney of Northampton, and Miss Helene Iris Bullough, the elder daughter of Mrs. Bullough and the late Mr. Tom Bullough of Fasnacloich; Brevet-Major Edsall Munt, M.C., Royal Tank Corps, the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Munt of The Coppice, Reigate, and Miss Phyllis Garrett, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Frank Garrett of Red Bank, Hornsey Lane, Highgate, N., and Mrs. Garrett of Chart, Egmont Road, Sutton, Surrey; the wedding will shortly take place in East Africa between Mr. Richard Buswell Allnutt, District Agricultural Officer, Masai, Tanganyika, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Allnutt of Drayton House, Drayton St. Leonard, Oxford, and Miss Frances Gabrielle (Gay) Armstrong, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Armstrong of Culloden, Edwinstowe, Mansfield, Notts.



MRS. DOUGLAS FORSTER

Who was married on April 21 at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. Douglas Forster. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Fielden of Kineton, Warwickshire, and Mr. Forster, who is in the 11th Hussars, is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forster of Rumwood Court, Maidstone



THE MODERN HOSTESS can express her own individuality in her silverware—she can choose her plate with due regard for the tastefulness and harmony of her surroundings. And naturally she will choose a design in **Community**, perhaps the modern **Deauville**, for its smart simplicity, or, if she has a Period dining room, the graceful XVIIIth century **Hepplewhite**. Community offers an enchanting variety of lovely authentic designs—and each piece is guaranteed for 50 years.

Teaspoons	-	-	9/-	set of six
Dessert spoons or forks	16/-	"	"	"
Table spoons or forks	19/-	"	"	"

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BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD

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Whitens Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days

LOOK in the mirror. Are your teeth ridged with yellow—stained, decayed in spots? Are gums drawing away from teeth and growing pale? If so, now is the right time to try the scientific Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night.

Overnight you'll note an improvement. For this unique dental cream kills millions of germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles.

In just 3 days your teeth will look cleaner and whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste.

The very moment Kolynos enters the mouth it FOAMS, thus permitting the use of a dry brush which makes Kolynos 10 times more effective.

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the antiseptic Dental Cream.

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**A SWEET
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adds charm. About 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in a third of a tumbler of water will suffice for a refreshing, antiseptic, deodorizing mouthwash and gargle which instantly removes all trace of tobacco or other odour, and sweetens the palate. Indispensable to all refined people. Get the sprinkler flask to-day, 1/9 all chemists, or post free on receipt of price from Kolynos (Dept. L.A.36), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth-germs, 190 millions in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.

THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED—RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

NOW if you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firm, coral-pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your chemist to-day.

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READY - TO - WEAR
DEPARTMENT No. 17

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A TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE in multi-colour crêpe-de-chine of a most intriguing design, consisting of a 3-length sleeveless Coat with soft collar, worn over a pleated frock which is trimmed with pleated frilling and finished with a self-belt that clasps with a novel buckle.

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Hip measurement, 44 in.

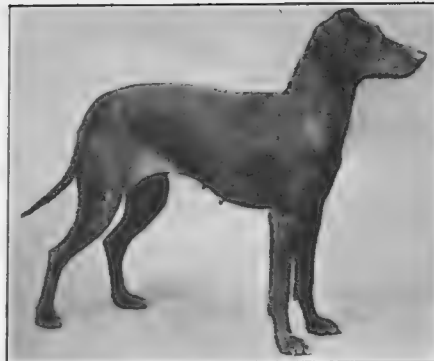
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

I must keep reminding all readers that our Open Show is to be held at Olympia on May 11 and 12, so please keep these dates free. Our Association has always prided itself on being a pioneer where dog breeding and showing is concerned, and there are many new features in the Show to make it more attractive to ordinary visitors. Parades of breeds, obedience classes for Alsatians, general obedience classes and a Pekinese obedience class, also "The Daily Mirror" brave dogs, children's classes, and the display by Mr. Gordon Stewart's Great Danes. I shall refer to all this again, but it will be seen that there is plenty to interest the ordinary dog lover, and, indeed, the non-dog lover too.



KAREFULL HOALUN
The property of Miss Malleeson



HINEMOE OF WENDY COT
The property of Mrs. Radbone

One of the things that has accompanied the discovery of the country by the towns which has distinguished the last ten years is the coming into his own of the dog as a companion; either in a car or "hiking," one's pleasure is much added to by the presence of a dog. Terriers are very suitable for this as they take up little room and enjoy a long walk. Prominent among terriers as companions are fox terriers, and prominent among fox terriers are those of the Duchess of Newcastle, which have been world-famous for many years. The Duchess writes that she has some young dogs from four months to twenty months old for sale at real bargain prices as companions. They are all healthy and sound. So this is a chance for anyone wanting a companion who is also of distinguished lineage. The Duchess sends a snapshot of some of the youngsters. There are both wires and smooths in the party.

be kept wrapped up. This is quite an error. Mrs. Radbone writes: "My dogs have all been reared and kept in out-door kennels and are strong and healthy. I am quite sure if only people knew what charming dogs they are they would be more popular." In the olden days they were famed for their ratting exploits, and are still good at it. Mrs. Radbone now owns Ch. Livesey Conqueror, unbeaten, also Ponto, the certificate winner at Cruft's. The picture is of Hinemoea of Wendy Cot, winner and mother of winners. Mrs. Radbone has some of her pups for sale, also a young dog, seven months old, house-trained. It is impossible to imagine the reason for the decline in popularity of this attractive, "All-British" dog.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nutbooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



FOX TERRIER PUPS
The property of the Duchess of Newcastle

Symphony in Two Flats

'Funny how some people radiate congeniality even through a brick wall.
'Funny how some gin mixes well with some things and not with others. Holloway's produce a gin for cocktails, long drinks and delightful drinks of many kinds that need this kindred 'spirit' congenial to each. Just smile at that 'overdraft' with the help of Holloway's London Dry . . . double distilled and crystal clear.
A merry masterpiece indeed . . . always.

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HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO., MONKTON ST., KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability and lassitude.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking

hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

By
Appointment
Hard Lawn



Tennis Court
Makers to H.M.
The King.

"The 'EN-TOUT-CAS' SURFACE IS MARVELLOUS"



Championships of Great Britain
on "En-Tout-Cas" Courts.

This is what
SYDNEY B. WOOD
(ENGLISH SINGLES CHAMPION)
said after playing on the
newly-made "En-Tout-Cas"
Courts in the Bermuda
Championships, 1932. This
has also been confirmed by
well-known English players
who have returned from
Bermuda.

EN-TOUT-CAS COURTS are again being used
this year for the

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIPS

and "EN-TOUT-CAS BOUHANA" are again
being used this year for the

FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIPS

and the

FINALS OF THE DAVIS CUP

What better evidence of superiority required?

We make Courts with either

RESILIENT or NO-UPKEEP surfaces.

EN-TOUT-CAS GARDENS are DISTINCTIVE

They are designed
by our leading
Garden Architects
and executed by
expert craftsmen.

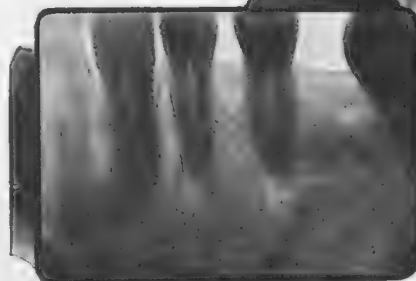


Lily Pool Garden—Lowesby Hall.

Please send your
enquiries to—

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. (Syston) LTD., SYSTON, LEICESTER
London Office in
FORTNUM & MASON'S SPORTS DEPT., 182 PICCADILLY, W.1

HER BEAUTIFUL
TEETH MUST ALL
**come
out!**



X-ray photo by E. J. Barber,
Qualified Radiographer

see what the X-rays reveal..

● The X-ray photograph shows sound teeth but
a pyorrhœal condition of the bone.

Soft, unbalanced modern food, tartar deposits at
the gum-line, lead to tender, bleeding gums and
toothache. But far more dangerous than these,
the infection may spread to the roots of your
soundest, whitest teeth. And that, of course,
means Pyorrhœa, X-rays and loss of otherwise
good teeth. For half of all adult extractions are
due to this dread malady.

Yet, common as Pyorrhœa is, it's the simplest
thing in the world to guard against, to check in
its early stages before it does serious harm to
health and looks.

You have only to get a tube of Forhan's for the
Gums instead of an ordinary dentifrice that
merely cleans teeth. Forhan's contains in its
formula those elements necessary to condition
the gums and prevent Pyorrhœa. Why not
start using Forhan's to-day?

Forhan's

MADE IN ENGLAND



Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London,

E.C.4

The Princess and the Swineherd

(Continued from p. 176)

use as a newspaper man. The news editor had wondered what to do with him, and had found it very tiresome inventing stories which would afterwards be useless, just to get the young man out of the real reporter's way. That was before he had thought of the little princess.

Now the Princess Catherine was news, quite big news. So that everywhere she went reporters followed her, and put in their newspapers next day all the things she ought to have said. The young reporter's beautiful prose, argued the news editor, could hardly interfere with his descriptions of the princess's movements. As far as he could see the public would not have minded had these been described in poetry or song. She was a very popular little princess.

So there was the young reporter at the swimming-bath, his first day, and already sharing a secret with her.

Catherine stopped smiling almost at once for her mother had nudged her, but she looked several times at the young reporter.

During the next week he accompanied her to a crèche, two hospitals, a charity concert, and a prison. He was usually very near her because he had been told always to report any words that might fall from the royal lips. He was too new a reporter to guess that the way to find out was to be confidential with the aldermen after they had returned to their grocer's shops, asking:

"Listen, old boy, what did the princess say?"

It would have hardly made any difference because the aldermen were finding the princess harder to talk to than ever these days. She had invented a marvellous new story which made the longest luncheons pass like magic. It was about a beautiful princess who married a slim young man with a sense of humour. He looked quite a lot like the young reporter at first. Afterwards, when she had seen him often enough to know his face by heart, he looked exactly like him.

So for five weeks they saw each other every day, but they hardly got to know each other better than that very first time, except in the stories of the little princess and also, perhaps, in the imagination of the young reporter. They smiled quick, intimate little smiles when the big princess wasn't looking, and once, unfortunately, when she was.

Catherine discovered which was his paper, and every morning she would read his lyrical descriptions of her progress, trying to find small, hidden messages for herself which had escaped the ruthless pencil of the sub-editors.

Then one day they had to open a big new laboratory, and it was full of little rooms with test tubes and bunsen burners. Catherine managed to lose her mamma and find herself in one of those little rooms. And the young reporter, who naturally did his duty, came face to face with her in that same little room.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "It's you," she added.

"Yes, me. And you. Us." But his eyes said even more than that; very bold eyes, considering he was only a young reporter and she was a real princess.

"Could we, d'you think," she looked up at him, liking those impertinent eyes, "could we possibly have tea together?"

"Marvellous!" But they looked at each other sadly and both of them shook their heads. It would never be permitted. "You see," he explained gently, "it's only in fairy stories that princesses marry their swineherds."

"And only quite old-fashioned fairy tales, too," she sighed, and held out her hand.

He kissed it.

Now princesses, I am told, are used to having their hands kissed. But this was different.

"Good-bye," she whispered. In the distance she had spied the approach of the very plump alderman who had been sent to retrieve her.

Good-bye it was, for she never saw him again. Just when he needed to remember it most, just when he had the one story in his career in which he would never be able to use it, he forgot that lovely, lucid prose. But from that day he was, of course, a real news-paper man.

As for the little princess she did, after all, marry a prince. But he was tall and slim and he had a sense of humour. Besides, he could talk quite expertly the only language that counted and he never touched garlic. The little princess found that he fitted beautifully into the lovely romances which she was so fond of weaving to pass dull time away. And her courtiers found her even more difficult to talk to at luncheon.



SIGNOR FERNANDO AUTORI

The famous caricaturist and even more famous operatic bass snapped on the first night of "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's Theatre. Signor Autori is playing the title rôle in a forthcoming London production of "Casanova"

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HYSTOGEN - DERMA PROCESS

based on 10,000 successful cases
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Membre de l'Académie Latine (Paris).



The Author of this extraordinary new book is undoubtedly the greatest exponent of this Art at the present time. Thirty-six plates illustrate men and women with lost facial contours, wrinkled and baggy eyelids, unsightly noses and ears, before and after his treatment, and show his results. The book also contains signed articles about Mr. Willi's work by Lady Maud Warrender, Gilbert Frankau, Margery Lawrence, etc.

MR. WILLI'S OFFER

Anyone who is seriously interested in Mr. Willi's scientific methods is offered, WITHOUT OBLIGATION, an opportunity of verifying his statements by SEEING actual treated cases at his Consulting Rooms—40, Baker Street, W.1.

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CECIL PALMER, 49, Chandos St., W.C.2



49/6

For summer goings and sunny days . . . a youthful hat of fine hemp straw, with a most becoming line. The simple trimming is of velvet ribbon, softly tied. In black and many lovely shades.

HARVEY NICHOLS

& CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1

xiv



Talk under the Stars

★

★

★

★

The stars in their courses will commend human wisdom in using leisurely moments thus.

Of the forty garden shelters available, many revolve.

Write for Catalogue 636.

BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., NORWICH
Showrooms: 139, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4



A powerful top-gear performer ... *defying comparison*

The Singer Eighteen-Six has proved that it can fulfil the requirements of those car-owners who, previously requiring comfortable top-gear work, often choose imported makes of cars.

Only those who have tried the Eighteen-Six can appreciate the scope of its capabilities—the flexibility of its engine, its unhesitating acceleration, its reserve of power.

You owe it to yourself to try a British car which offers unusually good gear changing, light clutch action, firm and steady steering, good suspension, and excellent road-holding qualities. You will agree that it is only in cars considerably higher priced that you will find yourself as much at ease as in the Singer Eighteen-Six.

Truly a smart well-equipped car of excellent appearance and lively performance. Saloon complete ...

£280
EX WORKS

SINGER EIGHTEEN-SIX

SINGER & CO. LTD. COVENTRY

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JUNIOR (Tax £8)
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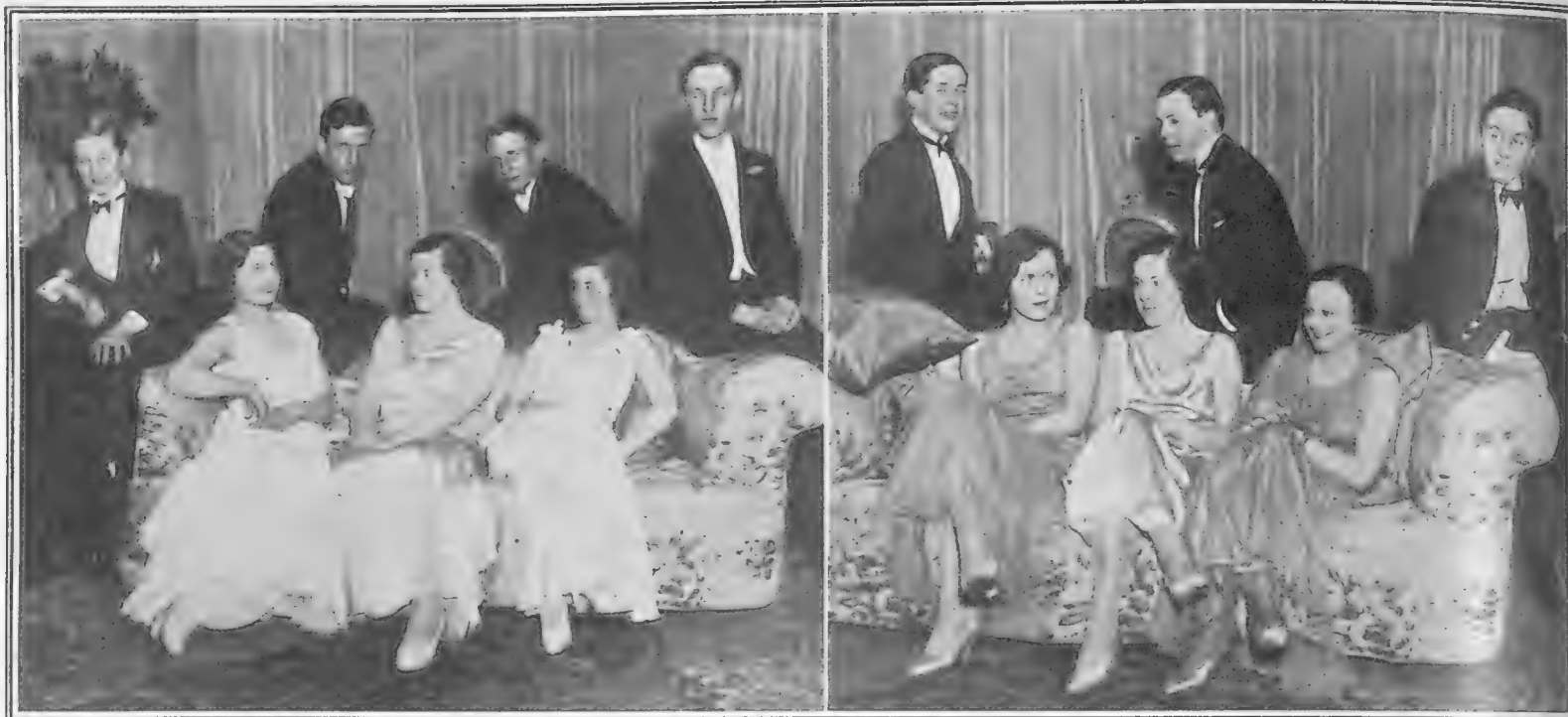
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£180 to £199

TWELVE-SIX SALOON
£235

SILENT SIX SALOON
£330

KAYE DON SALOON
£480

AT MRS. WARREN PEARL'S RECENT YOUNG PEOPLE'S PARTY



MISS SYMON-JEUNE, MISS BETTY MORRIS, AND MISS DU BOULAY;
(at back)—MR. PETER EARLE, MR. BRONSON TWEEDY, MR. SEYMOUR
PEARL, AND MR. JOHN HORNUNG

MISS DAVIDSON-HOUSTON, MISS HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN, MISS
BURT-BRILL; (at back)—MR. GERARD WALLACE, MR. HUGH BRASSEY,
AND MIDSHIPMAN W. A. PHILLIMORE;

Mrs. Warren Pearl, who gave this Young People's Party last week at her house in Rutland Gate, is one of the most popular members of the American colony in London. It was given for her son, who is at Eton, and her daughter, who will be presented next year. Most of the young men at the party were Etonians, and Mr. Hugh Brassey is a son of Sir Edgar and Lady Brassey. Mr. Phillimore, R.N., is a relative of the late Lord Phillimore, the famous judge. Dinner was at the Embassy followed by a theatre, and sausages and eggs and bacon as an after-theatre supper—a thoroughly satisfactory entertainment all round in fact



W. & R. Jacob & Co., Ltd., are
makers of the original and best
Cream Crackers, also Marie, Puff
Cracknels, Goldgrain, Jabisco
Assorted, Chocolate Biscuits, and
over 300 other varieties.

Jacob's Water Biscuits
have the *real*
nutty flavour—
the most delicious thing that ever happened

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing
if you leave out that vital first word
"JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's
Water Biscuits is like strawberries without
the cream. You can get Jacob's at your own
grocer's—High-Baked or ordinary. In Air-
tight $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cartons and in tins of various sizes.

JACOB'S
water biscuits

A word on Corsetry by Debenhams

* * *

THE Corset is a most important garment for the well-dressed woman, providing that perfect foundation for all gowns which is so essential.

There are three great reasons for buying Corsets at Debenhams: *firstly*, it is preferred that ladies selecting Corsets should be personally fitted; *secondly*, Corsets may be specially designed to suit the individual figure; *thirdly*, the advantage of a choice from the varied collection of exclusive Debenham designs

With ready-to-wear Corsets or those made by insufficiently experienced fitters, there is always the risk that they will be unsatisfactory

* * *

THE name of Debenhams is an assurance of complete and certain satisfaction in the choice of Corsets.

Madame Zilva, the corsetière, is a well-known expert in the art of correct corsetry, and her advice and experience are always at the service of customers, all fittings being under her personal supervision. The seclusion of the Corset Salon on the Second Floor ensures every privacy and comfort.

Orders from Ladies unable to make a personal visit receive the same specialised attention.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd)



"Colette"

THE ideal Country Coat as expressed by Druce through the medium of an excellent Wool Tweed. **59/6**

For the small woman, or the full figure, in attractive new shades and brown mixtures.

Cap = = **21/-**

"Vernie"

A NEW feature that distinguishes the gown of 1932 is the sleeve and cape Coatee. The gown photographed is in Crepe Suede. **59/6**

S.W. and W. Sizes.

Hat = = = **24/6**

ASK FOR A COPY OF THE NEW
SPRING CATALOGUE.


DRUCE of BAKER ST
LONDON, W.1

"FOR PERSONAL SERVICE"

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 174

door-step. But there are exceptions, and I am not displeased to see that some action may be taken to restrain lorry and van drivers from decorating their wind-screens with transfers of "bathing-belles" and the like.

Relatively this is an innocent amusement, though it has been shown time and again that it has its element of danger. But there is always hope that one sensible step will produce another. Hence the time may some day come when we shall have authority to open fire upon that congenital idiot in front who obscures his back window with hideous golliwogs. He is the worse offender of the two, for he cannot even see the dam thing himself. For him in vain the "bathing belles" flaunt their voluptuous vermilion thighs. All they do, as far as I am concerned, is to conceal a view of the road in front to which I pretend to some title. But there, what are you to do with the "landlady" mentality which thinks that windows were invented so that curtains could be hung over them?



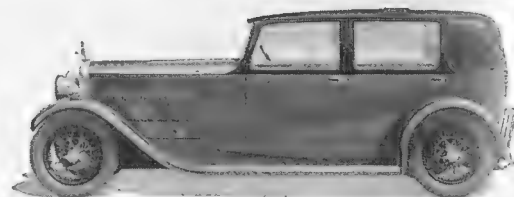
AT THE LLANGIBBY POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clay and Mr. E. Holland-Martin and Mr. T. Holland-Martin at the Llangibby Hunt Point-to-Point Races. Mr. Clay is an old Etonian and plays for the South Wales Hunts C.C., Gloucester Gypsies, Free Forresters, and Eton Ramblers cricket teams

Truman Howell

Good as Ever.
They say, *jamais rechauffez!* but thanks to Warwick Wright, Ltd., I have just been renewing my passion for an old, and long-pursued flame. My "Clementinas" (Talbot of that ilk) still have a lump of my heart, and their latest sister, the "sixty-five," has followed the family tradition by taking another slice of it. Like some women she is a little slow to warm up, but once this process is complete she is a magnificent goer, and sticks to the road so well that she is a treat to drive. Gear-box a little on the noisy side, not that it is wanted very much—and that's just about all the fault I can find. I wish other makers of ten-foot wheel-base cars would try this Talbot just to see that really adequate seating-width, to say nothing of a perfect driving position, can be mingled with neat appearance. Oh, what a difference this makes! Especially on a long journey, for when all is said and done, the chief contribution to personal ease is an ability to change position. Fifty-one inches across the driving-seat, at its narrowest, is just right; and so much the better when you have plenty of other big dimensions.

ALVIS

**WHAT IS THE SECRET OF ALVIS SUPREMACY?**

Skill born of specialised experience in the making of quality cars . . . the incorporation of many exclusive patents which increase efficiency and riding comfort . . . and above all, an ever-present ideal to make nothing but the best. No mass-production methods are employed by ALVIS, and yet the 1932 Models range from £395.

ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., COVENTRY.

"MASTER OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY"

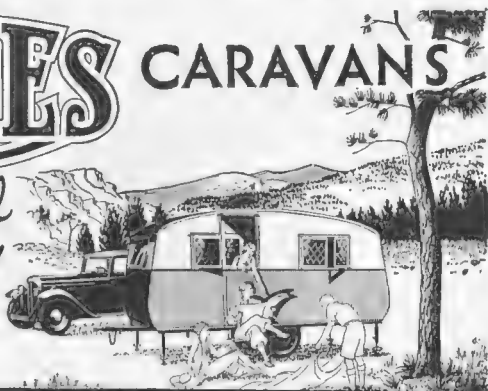
CARS

H.P.

ECCLES

CARAVANS

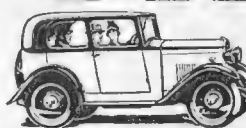
The Ideal Holiday



NEW LIGHTWEIGHT TWO-ROOMED CARAVAN, SOLID PANELLED FOR WARMTH - - £165.
Comprehensive Equipment. Write for Literature, Dept. C.

ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD., STIRCHLEY, BIRMINGHAM.

TRIUMPH



The finest light car in the World.

Super Seven models from £140. Super Nine models from £179.
Six Cylinder models from £185. Write to-day for full details.

Dunlop tyres and Lucas electrical equipment standard.

Triumph Motor Company Limited, Coventry. London: 218 Gt. Portland Street, W.1.



So simple to change gear *now*

● FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

4-DOOR SALOON **£285**

(Ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra
Fixed-head Coupé - £295
All-weather Saloon and Drop-head Coupé - £325
Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.



"Good!" exclaimed Ronnie. "You're getting on splendidly, Aunt Elizabeth."

Now we'll try changing down—and that's the beauty of this Vauxhall Cadet. It's got Synchro-Mesh gears and a Silent Second. You don't have to double-declutch, or feel for your gears, or—"

"Then why talk about it, my dear boy?" asked Aunt Elizabeth, practically. "What do I have to do?"

"I'm telling you, aren't I?" demanded her aggrieved nephew. "Just press the clutch-pedal—left foot, remember—and move the gear-lever across, and there you are. Just the same whether you're changing up or down."

"That seems very easy. There! Is that all right?"

"Splendid!" said Ronnie, silently thanking his stars for the Synchro-Mesh gearbox. "You did that like an expert!"

VAUXHALL CADET

(17 H.P. — SIX CYLINDERS)

It's British

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT
174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



BY APPOINTMENT



BY APPOINTMENT

THE COAT FOR EVERY OCCASION EVERYWHERE

BECAUSE:

- It is hand tailored.
- Rubberless, yet thoroughly weatherproof.
- Pure new wool.
- Light yet warm.
- Everlasting in wear.
- This style never dales and is as correct under a silk hat as over plus-fours.

To measure or ready to wear **5½** gns.

Write for Booklet (A).

Aquascutum
ESTD. 1851

100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The 1932-3 edition of the "R.A.C. Guide and Handbook" contains in all nearly 1,000 pages, and the price to members is 1s. 6d. post free. The new edition, which is now available, is one of the most



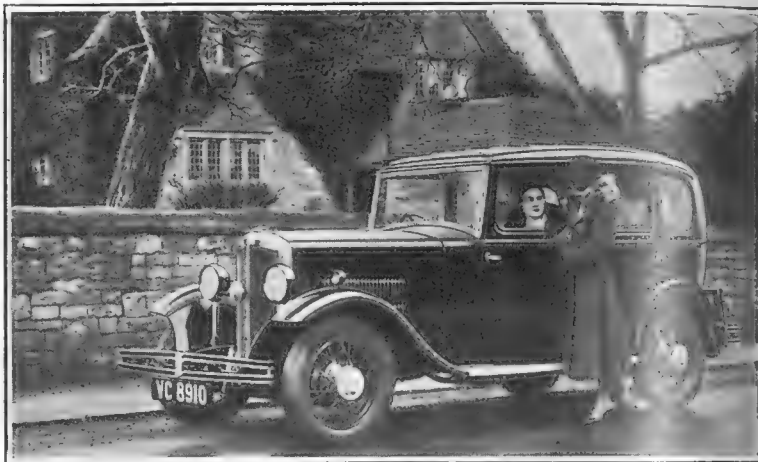
SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S CHOICE

Sir Malcolm Campbell has two Rolls-Royce cars, and our photograph shows his 20/25 h.p. car outside his house. The coachwork of this car was carried out by J. Gurney Nutting and Co., Ltd., of Chelsea. It is interesting to note that Mr. Kay Don is also the owner of a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce car

complete handbooks of its kind, and is really indispensable to the private motorist on tour either at home or abroad. The contents include a complete and up-to-date summary in simple language of all the laws and regulations relating to the use and ownership of private motor vehicles, together with the whole of the Highway Code; conversion tables for the use of motorists touring abroad, an interesting table giving braking distances under varying conditions of road surface; registration and licensing authorities; lighting-up tables; a specially contributed article on first aid in motor accidents, by Dr. P. P. Whitcombe; a list of all R.A.C. telephone boxes with numbers and exact location; and a list of the London theatres with the nearest garages and parking places.

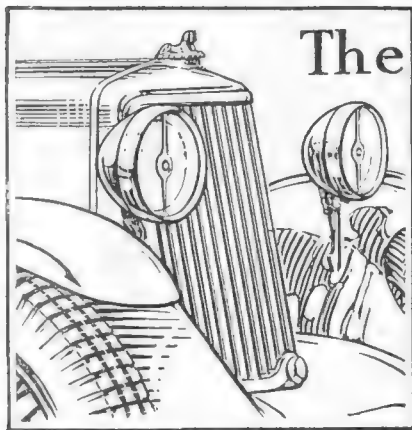
The touring section of the Handbook comprises the now well-known R.A.C. directory of Great Britain and Ireland, which gives particulars

of the hotels, garages, repairers, parking-places, golf clubs, places of interest, and other local information appertaining to over 2,000 towns and villages in the United Kingdom. Also a thirty-two-page coloured atlas, and over sixty street plans of the larger towns, showing by-passes and recommended through routes. The list of camping sites now numbers over 1,600 different sites, and is arranged under counties, as are the R.A.C. Inns at which the standard 2s. meal is obtainable, and the principal hills in Great Britain and Ireland. The list of tolls and ferries gives the charges for various types of vehicle, and, in the latter case, the times of sailing. The foreign touring section is prefaced by an article by Mr. C. L. Freeston, and gives in complete detail all the information required by motorists proposing to tour abroad regarding customs duties and the various formalities to be observed; also the rule of the road, and a brief note on motoring conditions in all countries overseas. It also includes a list of foreign hotels and garages, the addresses of all R.A.C. foreign and colonial offices and agents, and a complete summary of the law relating to motoring in sixty foreign countries and dominions. The guide is obtainable from the secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or from any R.A.C. branch office.



A 10/25-H.P. ROVER SALOON

Pictured in a delightful Cotswold setting at Broadway



The OPINION of a MOTORIST FAMOUS for 35 YEARS

Mr. S. F. Edge, one of the most experienced motorists in the world, pioneer of the six-cylinder engine, winner for Great Britain of the 1903 Gordon Bennett race, first man to drive a car for 24 hours continuously at high speed on Brooklands Track and still one of the keenest motorists, writes as follows:

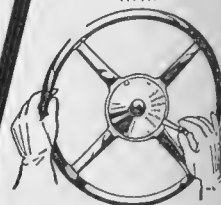
"DENTDALE,"
CORY ROAD,
BEACON HILL,
HINDHEAD, SURREY

Writing as one who has been driving cars for 35 years, beginning with the now old-fashioned clash gear, it took much skill to change quietly and not damage the gear-wheels. Improvements to clash gears were introduced, but despite them the average user still found changing speed an unpleasant task, particularly changing down. Personally, I was able to change gear without much thought, so when I read notices of the Armstrong Siddeley self-changing gear, they did not strike a particularly responsive note. However, in due course, I tried an Armstrong Siddeley, and to say I was surprised is putting it mildly. The charm of this gear-changing gripped me very quickly; the lack of physical effort, the absolute quietness, and the fact that one could not make a bad change formed an irresistible appeal.

After driving a 15 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley over 20,000 miles in eight months, I should like to give some of the reasons why it appeals to me so strongly:—

- 1.—In gear-changing practically no hand-pressure is required; one finger will supply all the power needed.
- 2.—The impossibility of making a bad change. But the charm of making such perfect changes is that those sitting in the car do not know when a change of gear is effected.
- 3.—The opportunity the gear gives for coasting, free wheeling in other words, with the ability to get back into gear without shock, noise or effort.

S. F. Edge



The Self-Changing Gear puts driving control at your finger tips. Experience this new thrill in a trial run.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY WITH SELF-CHANGING GEAR

1932 MODELS & PRICES (ex works)
12 h.p. from £260 20 h.p. from £525
15 h.p. from £365 30 h.p. ... £1250

Write for Catalogue B.22

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY,
London: 10, Old Bond Street, W.1 Manchester: 35, King Street West.

Agents in all centres.



Miss Evelyn Laye

NOW PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN
"HELEN" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE

writes:

"I SHOULD find it quite exhausting at times to enact the moods and experiences of imaginary characters if it were not for the invigorating help Phosferine is to me. After even the most sustained performances, or the longest rehearsals, a dose or two of Phosferine banishes all the jaded and fatigued condition, and I feel as fresh and brisk as I could desire. I play tennis and golf quite a lot, and I am sure I am able to enjoy them so much, and can give the time to my recreations, because Phosferine seems to really rest the system, and ensures the extra nerve energy and strength to get the best out of work and pastime."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain Fag
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

Aldwych



Rest, Sea and Sunshine!

Come cruising this summer with the P & O. Visits to famous Mediterranean harbours; to the Capitals of Northern Europe. Beautiful ships; good service; a good table; good company, endless amusement, rest if it please you—and a P & O welcome.

NINE CRUISES by the

ELECTRIC SHIPS

Strathnaver	:	:	:	:	:	22,500 tons
Strathaird	:	:	:	:	:	22,500 tons
Viceroy of India	:	:	:	:	:	10,000 tons

For picture programme apply

P & O CRUISES

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ABBOTT and Eve

There is no forbidden fruit at Abbotts,
no apple of discord in their array of
exclusive models with which to tempt you.
What daughter of Eve could resist
these inspired creations, at once demure
and sophisticated?

Mayflowa Models
Brochure on Request

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324 Oxford St., W.1
(Next to D. H. Evans)

And at all ABBOTTS Branches

No. 0852. Nightingale Glace
and Lizard to tone—also in
Box Calf and Black Lizard.

25/9
Postage 6d.



Eve at Golf

(Continued from p. 178)

Putting is undoubtedly more difficult there than at Worplesdon, particularly this year when the spring grass has not had a chance to put out so much as a stray blade, and that was perhaps one reason why the tournament went to a pair who above all else, and above all others are absolutely irreproachable putters. Mrs. Alec Johnston and Mr. R. V. Finlay, who carried the cup back to St. George's Hill, gave an exposition on the green which all the world might first have envied and then have copied with advantage. Mr. Finlay has really perfect touch, not only with the putts but with the chips and run ups. It was because of this that they beat Camberley Heath in a memorable match on the last green, beat Huntercombe at the 19th, beat Hayling 4 and 3 in the thirty-six hole final. For Hayling, Mrs. M. N. Clark, the Hampshire champion, showed herself a really good player of quite exceptional length, as she has been doing all through county matches this year, but she and Mr. Ian Patey had some woeful putting in the final, and that told its inevitable tale. They fought bravely. Five down at the 15th became 1 down five holes later, but then they faltered, and Mr. Finlay leapt into the breach with a magnificent run up, and the danger to St. George's was past. The tournament provided three delightful days—in weather and everything else.

The United Services had appalling weather for their spring meeting at Northwood; the wonder was that anybody could complete a card at all. Miss Dix Perkin won the scratch prize, also the best ball with Mrs. Bennett;



MISS PAT GREEN IN "MAGIC NIGHTS" AT THE TROCADERO

The lady appears as "Radio New York" in the wireless number in Mr. Charles B. Cochran's, "Magic Nights," the new supper show at the Trocadero

Mrs. MacLeod the first handicap, also the first foursomes with Mrs. Stocks, Miss Dix Perkin, and Mrs. Bennett second.

Miss Jean McCulloch's performance in winning the Ayrshire Championship was a very fine one, and so was Miss Nan Baird's, who only lost the final to her when on the last green.

Priscilla in Paris

(Continued from p. 150)

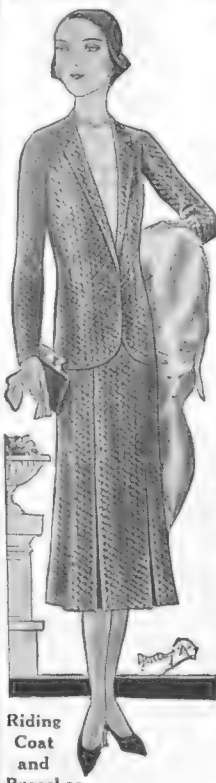
take place on April 30 will be particularly interesting to the British colony in Paris, for it will be entirely devoted to English composers. Mme. Suzanne Charles Peignot, the singer, and Mme. Madeleine Grolez, the well-known clavichinist and pianist, will render certain pages from such classical and modern composers as may be expected to please and interest the young audience they propose to entertain. I often go to these concerts for the pleasure of watching the children who are held spell-bound by the music and thoroughly appreciate the little *causeries* that precede the execution of every piece.

Did I tell you that Florence and Alvarez, the dancers who have had such a big success in Paris and Rome this winter, have just sailed for New York, where they are to dance prior to their tour in Japan? They were to leave by the *Bremen*, and had their state-room reserved when Florence suddenly discovered that she would not be able to keep her little nineteen-year-old dog-pal with her on board. She promptly cancelled her tickets and went by another line! How's that? . . . O, Tail-Waggers?—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

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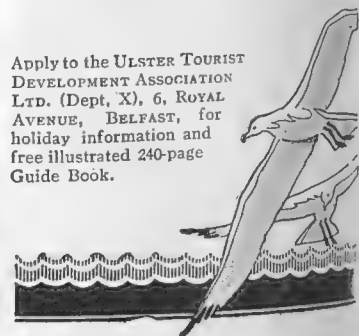
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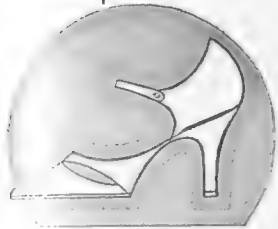
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TOPICS

A Shoe Exhibition.

Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are to be congratulated after a year of experiments in close co-operation with selected British footwear manufacturers, on having succeeded in producing hand-made shoes of the Continental type. At their recent exhibition there were afternoon shoes in a variety of shapes and materials; some were of the sandal type, but not quite a sandal; they had short toe-caps with the upper fitting closely at the heel, and the strap high up the instep, heels very high. There were many Court shoes suitable for spectator's wear. This firm's own golf shoe must likewise be mentioned; the crêpe sole has a leather surround and leather heel, and then there were their riding boots. A particularly interesting section of the exhibition was devoted to historical shoes.

Smartness and Comfort.

It must be noted that Fortnum and Mason realize the fact that for walking, no matter whether it be in town or country, women need a smart appearance, allied with comfort and support. They have created a special shoe which answers these requirements; there is no doubt about it that it will meet with the greatest success. Uncomfortable shoes are responsible for many troubles, including red noses and headaches. As everyone knows, the warm weather has a far from beneficial effect on the feet.



Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., has arranged this Court coiffure with correct veil and feathers

OF VARIED INTEREST

Court Veils and Feathers.

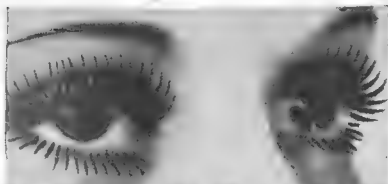
Now that Their Majesties' Courts at Buckingham Palace are within measurable distance, the subject of the arrangement of the coiffure for these all-important events is of paramount importance. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., have long specialized in dressing the hair for these functions, and if desired, they will likewise supply Court veils and feathers. Illustrated on this page is a coiffure that has been arranged. Also pictured is their latest adaptation of the mingle with brushed curls and ringlets. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they are past masters in the art of permanently waving the hair.

In a New Skin Cream.

Madame Hörnès, recuperating at a European resort famous for its radium springs, was struck by the improved complexions of women taking the cure. The result of her observation has been that to-day women are offered, in Artes Radium Cream, a skin preparation guaranteed to contain real radium. The new cream works not only upon the surface of the skin but extends its revivifying influence to the tissues far beneath. The whole under-skin mechanism, upon which true beauty is built, is stimulated into action. Pores are cleansed deep-down; sagging muscles made firm; wrinkles and lines disappear; and a skin of new clarity and fairness is reported whenever Artes Radium Cream is regularly and conscientiously used.



Emile's adaptation of the mangle with brushed curls and ringlets, the forehead is revealed



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With this issue will be given a beautiful colour-gravure
PRESENTATION PLATE OF H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Drawings and paintings by distinguished artists will also appear, as shown below.

All those who are able to procure this Birthday Number will find therein

A Pageant of Progress which has been made since 1842.

COLOUR PICTURES :

Front Page by *Gordon Nicoll*—a charming theme harking back to the birthday of The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

"From Sail to Steam during 90 Years"
by G. H. Davis

"From Ballroom to Aeroplane—Aviation Progress during Ninety Years" Painted by *C. E. Turner*

"Land Transport during 90 Years"
Painted by C. E. Turner



Double Page by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*
 "A Pageant of Women's Costumes"
 —1842-1932

Numerous Pictures of Social Events of the 'Forties and 'Fifties (the "Earlies")

Many pictures of Sporting Scenes and Occasions of the 'Forties and 'Fifties

Four pages of pictures:—"Even in those Days!" they had—(Reference to early gas, electric light, &c.)

"Curiosities" of the 'Forties and 'Fifties

The British Navy during Ninety Years

The British Army during Ninety Years

Wars in which Great Britain has participated during Ninety Years

Politics during Ninety Years. Special Article by *Michael Mac Donagh*

Ninety Years of British Monarchy—Special Article by *Michael Sadleir*

"The History of The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"—Special Article by *Alan Bott*

"Aviation during Ninety Years"—Special Article by *C. G. Grey*

"Our Notebook"—Special Article by *G. K. Chesterton*

"Science during Ninety Years"—Special Article by *Professor E. N. da C. Andrade*

"Ninety Years of Archaeology"—Special Article by *Professor J. L. Myres*

A full-page photograph showing the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum of the complete set of the original wood-blocks used in the First Number of the First Illustrated Newspaper (The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS)

1842-1932

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LONDON PRESS EXCHANGE GOLFERS

A group taken at Stoke Poges when the London Press Exchange competed for the Chairman's Cup. Back row—Mr. R. L. Sykes (winner of the medal round with 76-1=75), Mr. J. W. Hobson, Mr. H. Marland (Director); middle row—Mr. G. E. Turner, Mr. B. Spicer, Mr. W. B. Fergusson, Mr. L. G. House, Mr. G. Harrison (Managing Director), Mr. R. J. Sykes (Chairman), Mr. P. C. Burton (Vice-Chairman), Mr. H. R. McLatchie (Director), Mr. L. Harwood (Director), Mr. R. Sinclair Carr, Mr. R. C. Sykes (Director and Secretary), and Mr. T. Ure; in front—Mr. A. E. S. Thompson, Mr. R. G. Pinney, M. J. H. Davenport, and Mr. C. Vaughan

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for a cripple woman with only one arm and leg, and no money of her own. She was a farmer's daughter, and at her father's death she found herself penniless. She now lives with her married half-sister in a farm-house near a Midland town. This sister and her husband are very good to her, providing her with a home and food, but they cannot afford to do more, and she naturally feels her position acutely. The Friends of the Poor hold excellent references as to her character and pluck. It would give her new hope if 3s. a week could be collected for her. £7 4s. for one year is badly needed.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The British Sailors' Society maintain homes and hostels in all the principal ports of the world where chaplains and port missionaries are ready to help sailors at any hour of the day or night. Sailors' orphans are maintained and trained by the Society, officers and boys trained for the British Merchant Service, and sailors' widows are granted pensions when in distress. Over 900 ships at sea are supplied with libraries, also all the lightships and lighthouses in the Trinity House Service. The hon. treasurer, Sir Ernest W. Glover, will be grateful for any donations: address 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

The Marchioness of Crewe, as Chairman, held a meeting recently at Crewe House, in connection with a gala matinée to take place at Drury Lane Theatre on Tuesday, June 7, in aid of the funds of the Hertford British Hospital in Paris. Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, vice-chairman, was also present. It was announced that Their Majesties the King and Queen had graciously consented to attend. The performance will be a miscellaneous one, and many of the leading members of the theatrical profession have very kindly volunteered their services.



THE PRIDE OF PONTRESINA

Wickard Möllendorf, who, though he is only ten years old, has just achieved the very fine feat of climbing the three Piz Palu from Pontresina. He also has the distinction of being the youngest member of the Mountaineering Guild. In this picture Wickard is seen with his mother and one of the guides who accompanied him

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"I once saw a bunch of wicked women in Paris at the Bal Tabarin. I thought, and hoped, that they represented the limit of wickedness. I believed, with a faith more ardent and certainly more impassioned than that of any Plymouth Brother, that Paris was the antechamber to the Pit.

Then I discovered America.

No, it was not Columbus. Columbus knew nothing of Cupid so far as the historians inform us, though there was something funny about that room in the Alhambra, where the two met ostensibly for Isabella to give to him his letters of marque, and which I visited a few months ago. 'Cuties' and cuticle, those only remaining articles for which there is steady demand in these days of depression in the Land of Hope and Glory, Columbus never knew. And as for Paris, that bedizened old Jezebel has 'nothing on' New York—New York herself, that very tired virgin, often having less than nothing.

Thirteen years have I studied Pilgrim Fathers, Pilgrim Mothers (now 'red-hot Mommas'), Anthony Comstocks, 'leg-shows,' Salvation Army shelters, ballrooms of the 'Four Hundred,' ditto of the hundred millions where you touch the light fantastic with the hostess at ten cents a go, professional pet-preachers, chorus girls, gangster queens, semi-demi-mondaines, and 'three-quarter virgins.'

And I have paid the price—oh, my God! how have I not paid!

In "CUPID, 'CUTIES' AND CUTICLE!" by Shaw Desmond.

"The reaction of the public to some of the more important films shown this spring is interesting. When I say the public, I do not mean the newspaper reviewers, but the audiences themselves. I was struck by the difference in the audiences at two 'big' pictures, very unlike each other, which happened to be running in London at the same time: 'Hell Divers' and 'Shanghai Express.' I thereafter and therefore gave some observation to the matter and came to the conclusion that men and women like quite different films and that, contrary to the fairly generally accepted theory, that women revel in he-men's manliness on the screen, and that men naturally 'fall for' the supernal charms of languorous and lovely women stars, it is the other way about: men revel in what I should describe as *male* films, and it is women who form the majority of the fans of the exquisite Dietrich, the brilliant Garbo and the winsome Gaynor. . ."

In "THE FANS AND THEIR FANATICISM," by Sydney Tremayne.



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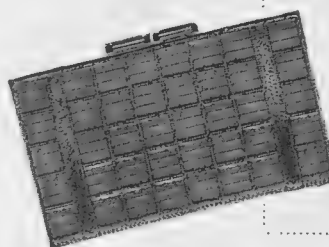
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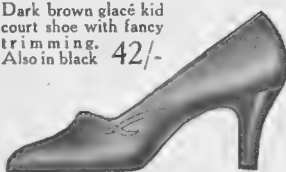
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THESE slim-fitting Cami-Knickers, in all-silk washing Satin, follow the new silhouette. The slightly moulded waistline, shaped over the hips to flare just above the knees, ensures a smoothly flowing foundation for figure-fitting frocks.

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21/9

Also in Pure-dye Washable Crêpe de Chine. Same shades and price.
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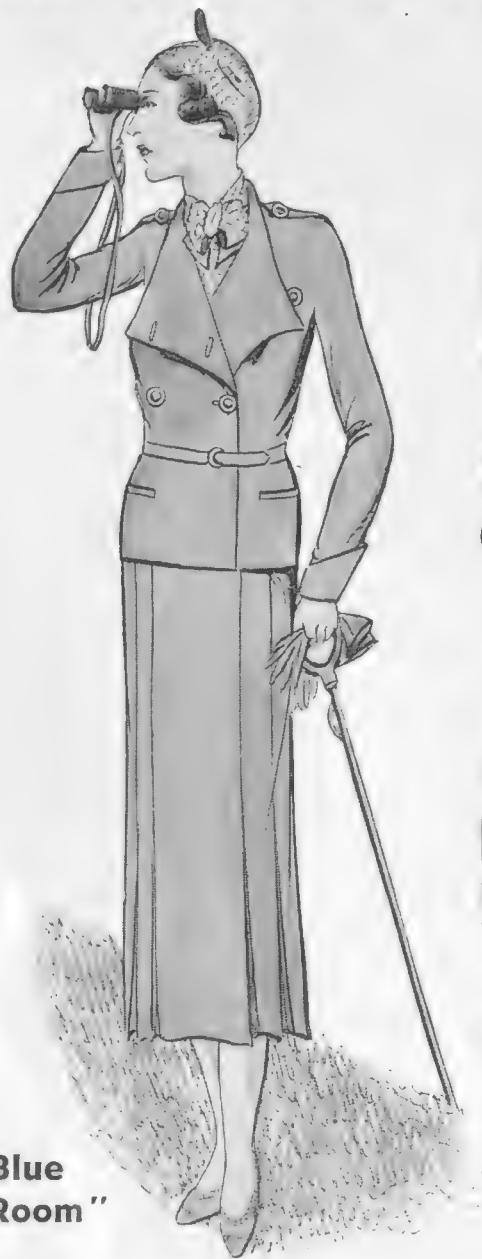
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LONDON SW 1



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Jacket, the **heavenliest** twin of the coat in everything except length. Brass buttons, revers, storm cuffs, colours and chic **blissfully** identical.

£3 . 3 . 0

Coat, with **besieging** revers you can button over or leave adrift, in a diagonal woollen of **unworldly** softness and lightness dyed to **celestial** shades.

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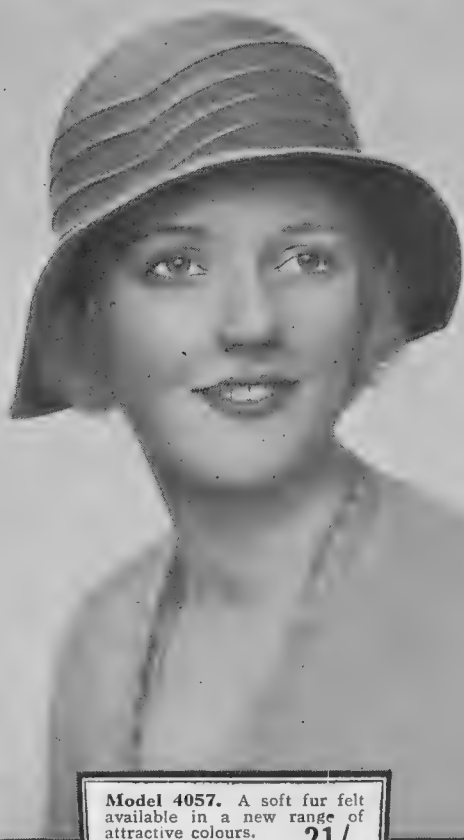
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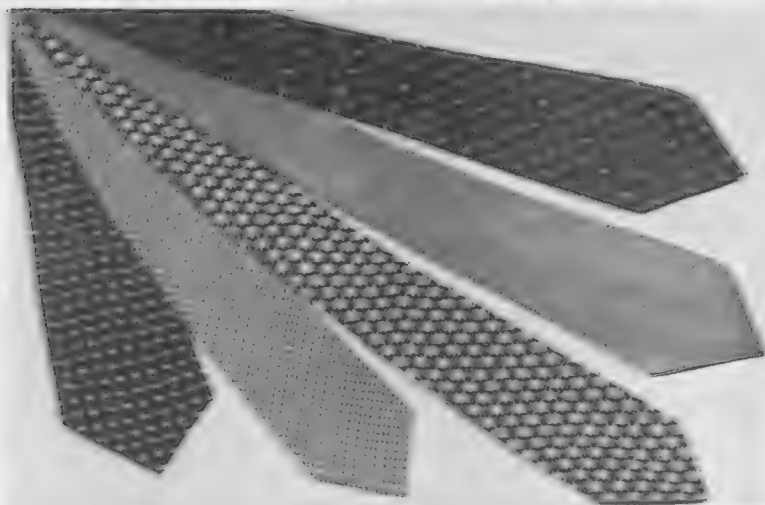
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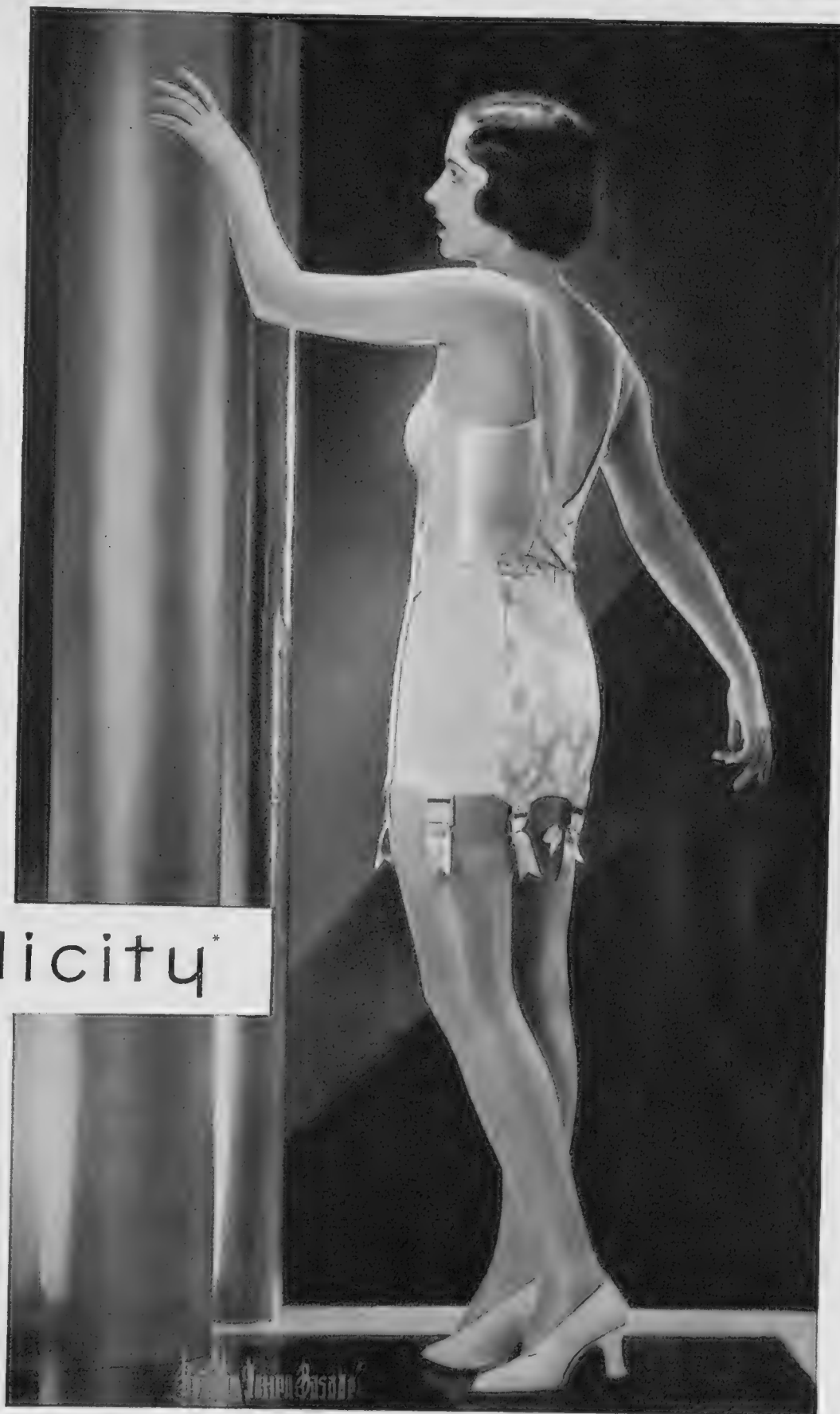
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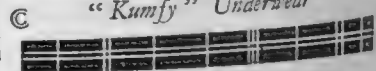
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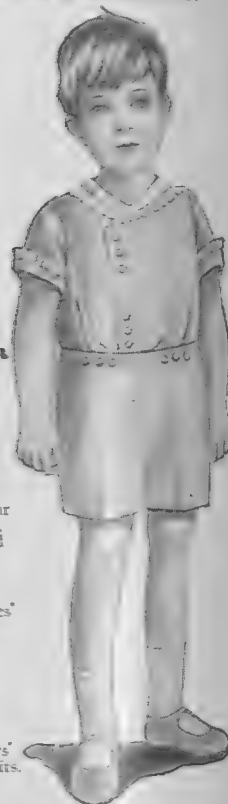
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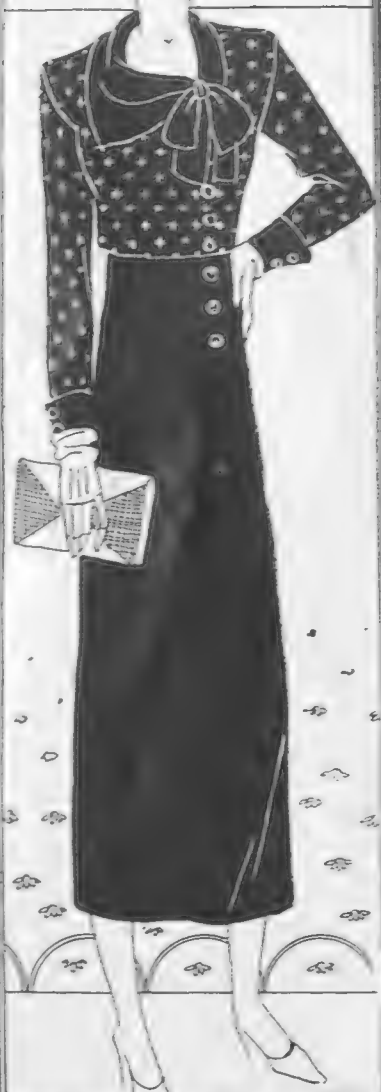
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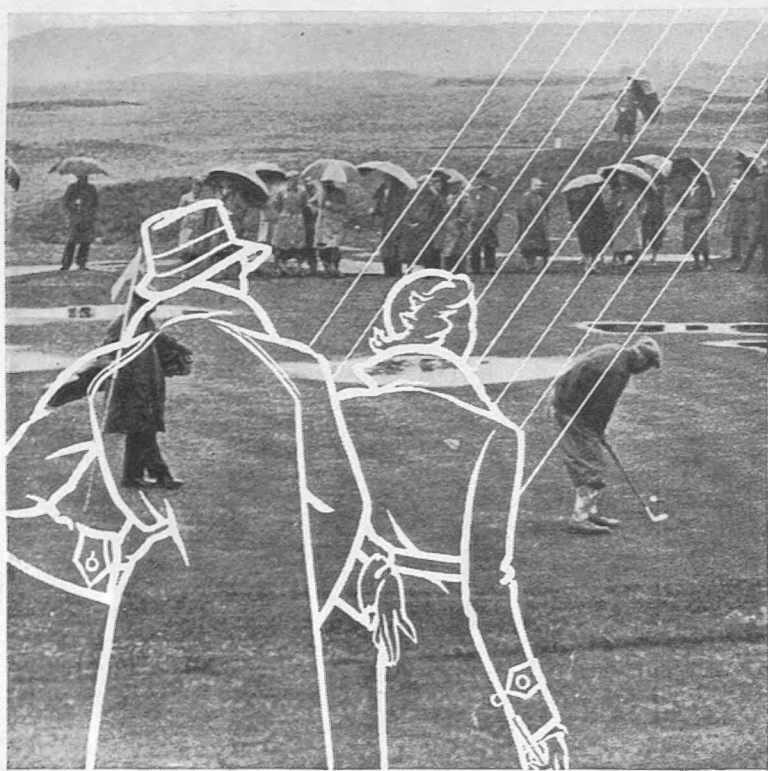
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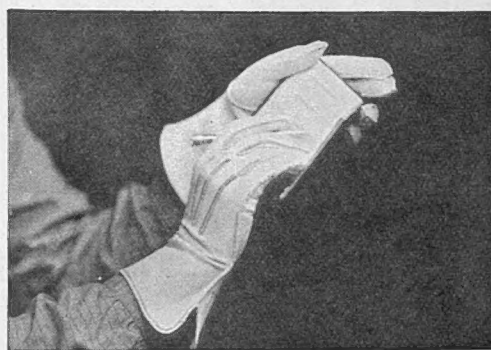
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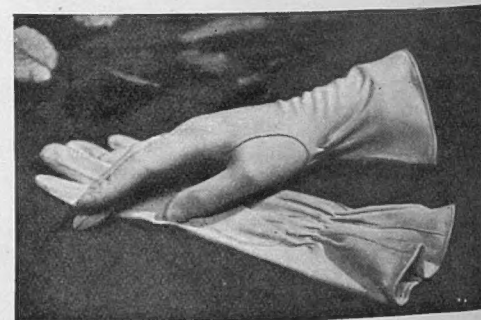
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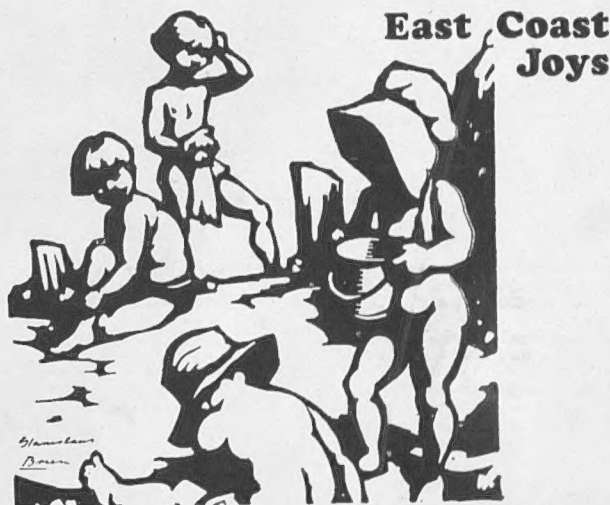
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

His Guardian Angel

Sept. 6th, 1827:—" and decided me to wager £1,500 on Matilda¹ to win me £10,000. But I cd not induce Gully² to lay me more than £5,000 to £750, tho I did argue and reason with him for hrs. And evn wth all my searching (and Betty beseeching me to take no risk wth legs³ not known to me) I cd find none who wd lay me that sum against ye filly. And Ld George⁴ must needs tell me afterwds, wth a friendly derision, that he had gained over twice that sum by chancing pon Crockford⁵ a while before the race."



1. Winner of the St. Leger in 1827.
2. A bookmaker reputed to have lost £45,000 on the 1827 St. Leger.
3. Slang word by which bookmakers were known in those days.
4. Lord George Bentinck.
5. A famous betting man and founder of Crockford's Club.

Sir Edward: "So backing a horse seems to have been a whole day's job in the old boy's time."

Lady Angela: "And not a very safe one, judging by Betty's concern. What would you do, Ted, if I tried to 'protect' you every time you made a bet?"

Sir Edward: "Ah, but she was his wife, dear. Marriage makes a difference—or it did in those days, anyhow."

Lady Angela: "Those days, indeed! Now then, Ted, which of my rivals has been putting worldly ideas into your head? But seriously—were there no bookies one could rely on?"

Sir Edward: "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but the trouble was to get hold of them. No telegraphs or telephones, remember. If you'd lived then, you couldn't have woken up with a 'fancy' and tottered to the 'phone in your . . ."

Lady Angela: "Shh, dearest. A woman likes to think she has her secrets. All the same, I should have missed such luxuries. No last-minute bets—no Tote doubles—No . . ."

Sir Edward: "In fact, Angela—no 'Duggie.' My two guardian angels—'Duggie' and . . ."

Lady Angela: "Not before dinner, Ted. Where's your technique to-day?"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2